THE BYSTANDER
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SEPTEMBER 13, 1933

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

The BYSTANDER

SPORT STAGE GOLF GOSSIP

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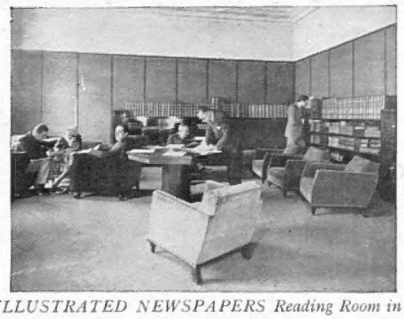

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THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU, 346, STRAND, LONDON

The Bystander, September 13, 1933

No. 1552. Vol. CXIX.

The BYSTANDER

THE HON. MRS. SIMON ELWES, WITH DOMINIC AND PETER

Lenare

The Hon. Mrs. Simon Elwes is the attractive wife of Mr. Simon Elwes, the well-known portrait-painter, and is one of Lord and Lady Rennell Rodd's two daughters. Peter and Dominic are her two small sons; Peter, the elder, is to be a page at the wedding of his uncle, Mr. Peter Rodd, and the Hon. Nancy Mitford. The Simon Elwes' have a house in Cambridge Square

Above: a lunch-party on the moors at Crawfordton, Dumfriesshire: Miss Anne FitzRoy, the Speaker's daughter, Lady Southampton, Lord Southampton, the host, the Hon. Charles FitzRoy, and his son, James, the Hon. Mrs. FitzRoy, the Speaker's wife, Mr. H. Toulmin, and the Rt. Hon. E. A. FitzRoy, the Speaker, and Lord Southampton's brother

Left: Lord Burgh and his fiancée, Miss Rose Vincent, Mr. Bill Vincent, Senator Arthur Vincent, Miss Vincent's father, Mrs. Burkhardt, and Lady Burgh at Northcourt, Lord Burgh's home in the Isle of Wight

Mrs. Percy Garon, winner of the German Ladies' Open Golf Championship, and Lord Westmorland played against Miss Diana Fishwick, a former British champion, and the Duke of Beaufort, in an exhibition match last week on the Stinchcombe Hill course, at Dursley, Gloucestershire

• WHAT'S

"The Bystander's"

No news yet as to how full-Norman-blooded Englishmen are reacting to Lord Raglan's pronouncements. Thought it not unlikely that Sir Hereward Wake would return post-haste from Scotland and send his seconds to wait on this traitor to England's aristocracy.

Hush!

The Montagu Norman method of being "in the news" is being imitated. King Boris and Queen Giovanna of Bulgaria left Euston for Stirling heavily **camouflaged.** Names taken: Dr. and Mrs. Hardjieff. Who thinks out these names? One English dramatist finds unfailing inspiration in *A.B.C. Railway Guide.* But not this inventor: Hardjieff not mentioned there. The pseudonym not particularly happy—a name like Hardjieff sounds suspicious when the prefix is Doctor; too like Phillips Oppenheim.

News reports state that Prince of the Asturias and his bride "go out little" in Paris, because they are anxious that their **incognito** should be respected. The Spanish Royal Family, incidentally, are not at Fontainebleau at present.

Prince Tokugawa is in London for several months. "His visit is **private,**" says *The Thunderer.* More hush-hush.

A rumour; to follow the prevailing fashion, **G. B. S.** is shaving off his beard.

In London

Masculine youths who disdain anonymity enter the Ritz sporting tweeds and smelling of grouse, swearing that they are "just back from" or "off to." Women getting **blacker and blacker,** their escorts looking like "pale wraiths wanly wandering" by contrast. Lady Plunkett and her husband good examples of skins burned and unburned.

Lord Londonderry, high-collared and immaculate, has been seen.

Mr. Archibald Tennant, Mr. Peter Tennant, and the Hon. Cynthia Guest, Viscount Wimborne's younger daughter, on the moors at Edinglassie, the Rt. Hon. H. J. Tennant's place in Aberdeenshire

• ADO • ABOUT • TOWN

Potted Social Diary of the Week

Mr. Sidney Beer, laughing with Mr. Cedric Alexander, was at Quaglino's.

At the Berkeley Grill—Mr. Peter Stewart trying to live up to his reputation as Noel Coward's facial double. He only succeeded in being himself, but that 's quite good enough.

At the Café Royal—the Hon. Nancy Mitford vivaciously taking an after-dinner snack with a party which included Mr. Rodd.

Over the Border

The Duke of Sutherland is entertaining at **Dunrobin.**

Lord and Lady Portarlington and Captain Ian Menzies have arrived with " entourage " at the **Gleneagles Hotel.** (Please note : Gleneagles *Hotel* and not, on any account, Gleneagles.)

The Duchess of York was a stall-holder at the **Abergeldie** fête. Her stall, naturally, most popular with the local snobs.

North of England

Prince George has been staying at **Garrowby** with the Irwins. He is very popular in a house-party. He dined with Sir Richard Sykes at Sledmere ; that most eligible bachelor once more reported engaged to Miss Jeanne Stourton, Society's successful shop-girl. The Pembrokes were also at Garrowby, and Lady Victoria Scott.

Afloat

Lord Wimborne has left the Mediterranean for a cruise, wearing his white shoes and looking more baronial than ever.

The **Cunningham-Reids** are yachting in the Baltic, startling the Swedes with the brilliance of her hair and their combined looks.

Lord Fairhaven has returned to Park Close after a long holiday in the Sapphire. He and his yacht both always as spick and span as can be.

Elsewhere

Ireland : Brenda, Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava and her husband (" Captain and Mrs. Henry Somerset ") have left for the Emerald Isle. Lady Veronica Hornby is with them.

Biarritz : Mrs. Eddie Baron has been a tremendous success with everyone, starting with the Prince of Wales, whose hostess she was. The Marquis of Portago has been entertaining—everyone wanting to be asked. A mass of O'Malley Keyes very visible and some worth-while young men.

Frinton : Ashfield—Bethell—Barford clan have been in full force.

Bembridge : Still the Saviles.

Sport

Four racehorses belonging to Mr. J. Huelin have been seized by the Customs and police officers. Rambling Charlie and Artful Lad don't seem to mind much. Knockmoy is prepared to sell his impressions, but Dorothy Dene has refused to make a statement.

Lord Huntley, " Cock of the North," was chieftain of the **Aboyne Games.** Only survivor of the original Games Committee started 1866.

Home Again

The opening night of *Dinner at Eight* and the Café de Paris gave old friends a chance to see each other again. The **Sweeneys,** of course, at the latter.

Lady Melchett, back from Venice, was at both. Princess Alexandra of Greece staying with her at Woodfalls ; Princess Aspasia also expected. The latter, a keen golfer, wears plus-fours.

Lord and Lady Hailsham had a happy time at Mount Stewart. " Every little picture showed a laugh." They have now returned to Hailsham.

Mrs. John Barran, the Ruthven twin with the clean-shaven husband, is back at her house in Walpole Street.

Film News

Hollywood reported to be gnashing teeth because **Douglas Fairbanks** is going to make pictures in London. Despite American newsstorm, he looked quite calm lunching with Lady Ashley. He and " Junior " will appear together for the first time in *Z*, a new Zorro story.

Marriages (On and Off)

Miss Edith Lowther is going to marry Baron Jacques Thenard. She very nice, and he very fascinating—so the girls think.

Mr. Stephen (" Laddie ") Sanford married, at midnight and in New York, Miss Mary Duncan, screen and stage star. Another good American millionaire gone wrong, from the English spinster's point of view.

Miss Jean Beckwith will not, after all, marry Captain J. R. Stephen.

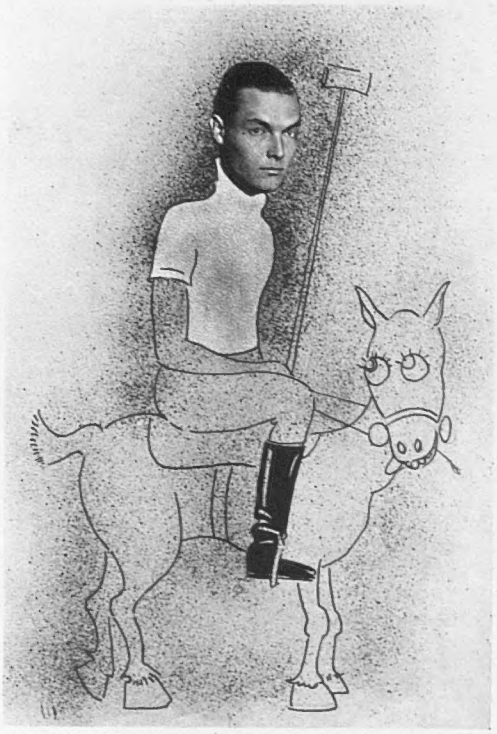
MR. PEEPS.

The Hon. Mrs. Gilbert Hay, wife of the Earl of Erroll's brother, out walking in London with her six-year-old son, Alastair

King Boris and Queen Giovanna of Bulgaria at Blair Drummond Castle, where they stayed with Sir Kay Muir. Lady Muir is the daughter of the late Bulgarian Minister in London

Lord Glentanar and his five-year-old daughter, the Hon. Jean Coats, at the Aboyne Games last week. Lord and Lady Glentanar always have a big party for the Aboyne Games and balls, at Glen Tanar

• PERSONALITIES



Mr. Stephen Sanford

Looks his best on a horse

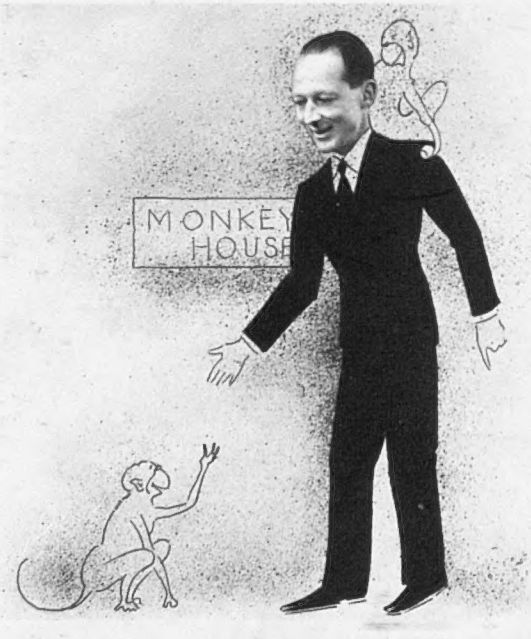
• **MR. STEPHEN SANFORD,** the rich young American polo-player who was married at midnight to Mary Duncan, the stage and film actress, has a great many friends in England. He is very good-looking, broad-shouldered, square-chinned, and dark, with a delightful smile. He is known to everyone as " Laddie," and looks his best on a horse. He is a determined person, with a capacity for getting his own way under most circumstances. He has a good brain and could easily be much more knowledgable than he is, but prefers to devote himself to sport and amusement. He dances well, and can be a most interesting dinner companion. He has a charming, clever, and adoring father, a dimple in his chin, inscrutable eyes, " a way " with women and horses, and, now, an attractive wife.

• **THE HON. MRS. CHARLES BAILLIE-HAMILTON,** who has been acting in a film in France, is very attractive. She is dark-skinned, with thick, straight, dark hair which flies out when she tosses her head, a favourite and well-known gesture. She moves with exquisite grace, and her mannerisms are as fascinating as a ballerina's pirouettes. Before she was even in her 'teens she had poise and could be an assured hostess to her mother's friends. Her conversation, which is, at times, naïvely witty, is plentifully besprinkled with superlatives; it is also enthusiastic and thrillingly alive. Her name is Wanda, and she is like the heroine of some faery story. She moves and lives in an atmosphere of excitement and romance. Only a great author or a great painter could do her justice and capture the elusive beauty which is so often missed by her severest critics. She has lovely hands, courage, a hunger for life and experience, a Puckish sense of humour (not always appreciated by her victims), and a heart.

• **THE HON. EVAN MORGAN,** who has just left England for Rome, is a Commander of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre. He is extremely clever, very rich, and an interesting person to meet. He was a contributor to the Queen's Doll's House Library, has exhibited in the Paris Salon, and is a member of the Imperial Air League. He is very artistic, and his house in South Street, which was designed by him, is original and attractive. He likes monkeys, and wears a black pearl ring. He is sensitive, perceptive, and no one could possibly be bored in his company. He is fastidiously neat, despite his slightly ruffled hair. He has the eyes of a visionary, and a charming smile. He has also refined features, a slightly prominent Adam's apple, good taste, power, brains, Lois Sturt (that was) for his wife, a millionaire father, and six books to his credit.

The Hon. Mrs. Charles Baillie-Hamilton

Straight dark hair, which flies out when she tosses her head



The Hon. Evan Morgan

Is fond of monkeys

Viscountess Castlerosse

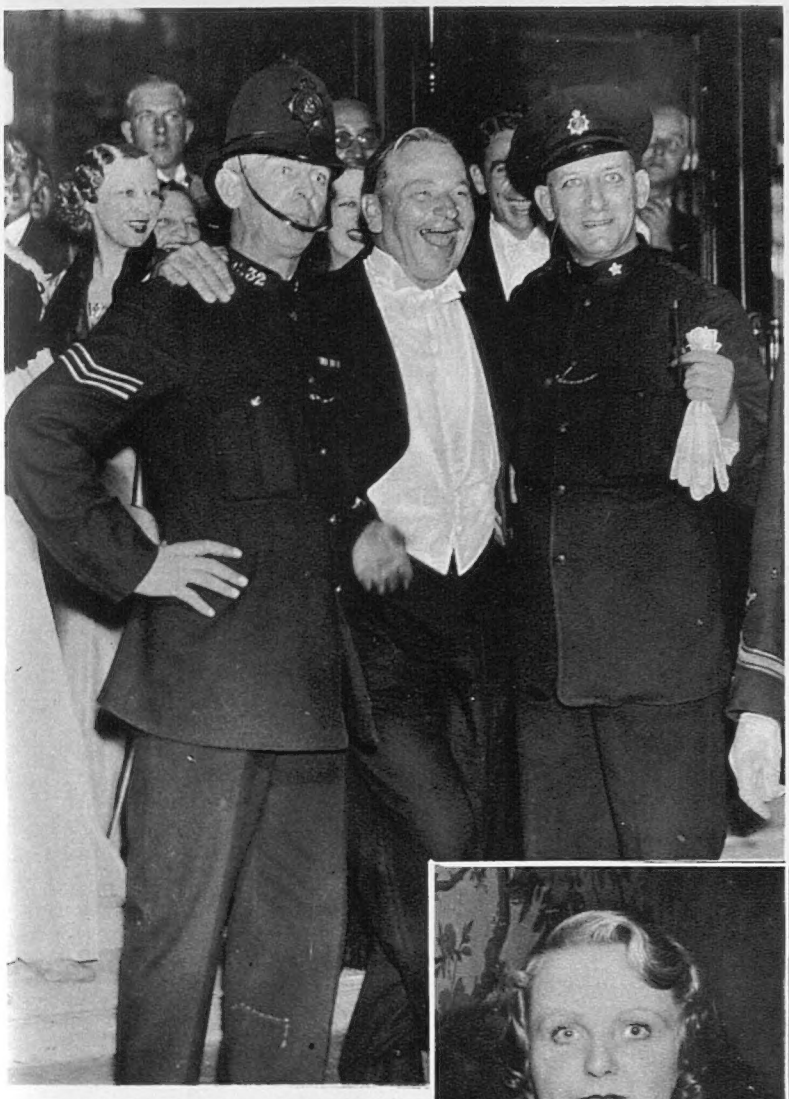
A sensation in her smart shorts

• **THE VISCOUNTESS CASTLEROSSE,** who has arrived in London from the Riviera, caused a sensation there in her smart shorts. She has the loveliest legs in Society, golden hair, and a white skin. She is intelligent and determined, and will always get what she wants from life. She has great fascination, and a vital personality. Always wonderfully dressed, she distinctly resembles Marlene Dietrich, especially in the way she walks. Lady Castlerosse can give amusing parties; she has had many different houses, but has not yet decorated one to express her own individuality. She has a clear, high voice, and has no hesitation in speaking her opinion; she is never hypocritical. She has beautiful jewellery, good taste in clothes, eyelashes and a nose which curve upwards, ambition, and a husband who is portly, clever, and a future Earl.

PETER PEPPER

An All-Star Night

The "Dinner at Eight" Première at the Palace Theatre



Rescue of Wallace Beery

Wallace Beery, Dan Packhard in "Dinner at Eight," found his English fans rougher than the elephants he used to train, when he appeared at the Palace Theatre for the film's première. Here he is with two of his rescuers; he finally had to be smuggled out of the theatre by a back way

Dennis King, the stage and screen star, and Lady Inverclyde arriving together to see the first showing this side of the Atlantic of "Dinner at Eight"

Betty Balfour

Lady Ravensdale

Irene Vanbrugh

Paul Robeson and Mrs. Paul Robeson were two of the audience at this, the first event of the autumn

So were Raquel Torres, just arrived in England to play in the film of "Red Waggon," and René Torres

Mrs. Legh and Miss Legh went racing together at the Derby meeting last week

Another Derby photograph: Mrs. Murphy, Lady Blanche Douglas, and Mrs. Pat Dennis on their way back to the stand

Mrs. Gordon Foster, Major G. B. Milne, the well-known G.R., and Admiral G. K. Chetwode

A Racing Reverie

Racing in Miniature

By "Regular"

WHEN I first heard of pony-racing, memories of the governess-cart came to my mind. A little shaggy beast with a well-defined crupper mark, all tummy and behind, with so rectangular a shoulder, that when one was placed on his back, only a pair of laid-back ears stood between temporary security and utter disaster.

"IT shall not be!" I cried. "The sanctity of the home must be preserved. Our children's heritage cannot be bartered away in this fashion. While I have good red blood in my veins, and good blue ink in my fountain-pen, I will oppose it."

A LITTLE knowledge is a dangerous thing. I have since discovered there are three kinds of ponies. The first is my favourite, and is another name for twenty-five pounds. There are very few of these about, these days—in fact, they are almost extinct; though I did happen on one the other day, as Mrs. Vernet, bless her! laid me an even one about Mrs. Rustom.

THE little friend of our youth I have already mentioned, but the third kind of pony is not really a pony at all, but a miniature thoroughbred racehorse, and he is the kind of pony which runs every Monday and Saturday at Northolt Park. "Dry your eyes, Christopher and Margery. They will not take your Shetland away and make a racehorse of him; but the chances are they 'll give your dear father fifty pounds for that little two-year-old he has in training, which he 's afraid is too small to do much good."

PONY-RACING is the best thing that has happened for racing since the Jockey Club killed the doping curse. The "Tote" may mess along just making ends meet, but the chances are that it will never put a penny piece into racing or help the breeder in any sort of way. Pony-racing will.

YOU can give a horse the best of everything, but you can't make him grow, and we all know a good big 'un will always beat a good little 'un. Our beautifully-bred little colt may be the perfect model of a racehorse, but he is too small. "What are we to do with him?" has been the eternal question, but the problem is now solved: "Send him pony-racing."

NORTHOLT PARK and the other tracks under P.T.C. rules have made a market for the little 'uns. Whereas in the old days you would sell him for £25—and think yourself damned lucky to be rid of him—you can now race him at Northolt under the best auspices possible, and pick up a nice sum in prizes into the bargain.

PONY-RACING, too, has opened up the field for a new kind of owner. How many times have I heard people say, "I 'd love to have a horse in training, but I can't afford to pay £5 a week, with the added cost of entries and travelling expenses." At Northolt you can keep a horse in training for £2 10s. a week, no travelling expenses, and the cost of entering for most races the modest one of 17s. 6d.

NOW for the public. How many hard-ups have gone dog-racing simply and solely because they couldn't afford to go horse-racing? You 're not going to tell me that any man or woman who has ever seen horses race can prefer to watch a number of dogs chasing a toy hare with sparks coming out of its tail?

NORTHOLT has brought horse-racing within the reach of all. The fact that the horses engaged are two inches shorter than the ones racing at Newmarket, will not worry the man who, through lack of means, has had to console himself with the dogs. You can become a daily member for 10s. The entrance to Tattersall's is 6s. 6d., while the return first-class fare from Paddington or Marylebone, with entrance to Tattersall's inclusive, is 7s. 6d. What could be fairer than that?

I PAID my first visit last Monday, and was enormously impressed; but as I lost my way getting there, although it 's only nine miles out of London, I recommend the train. Northolt is situated almost in the Playing Fields of Harrow, the school which has been second on more occasions than even the famous racehorse Yellow Jack. When a horse is repeatedly second, the owner usually changes its name in order to change the luck. I humbly suggest that, before they go to Lord's next summer, the name Harrow should be changed to Northolt.

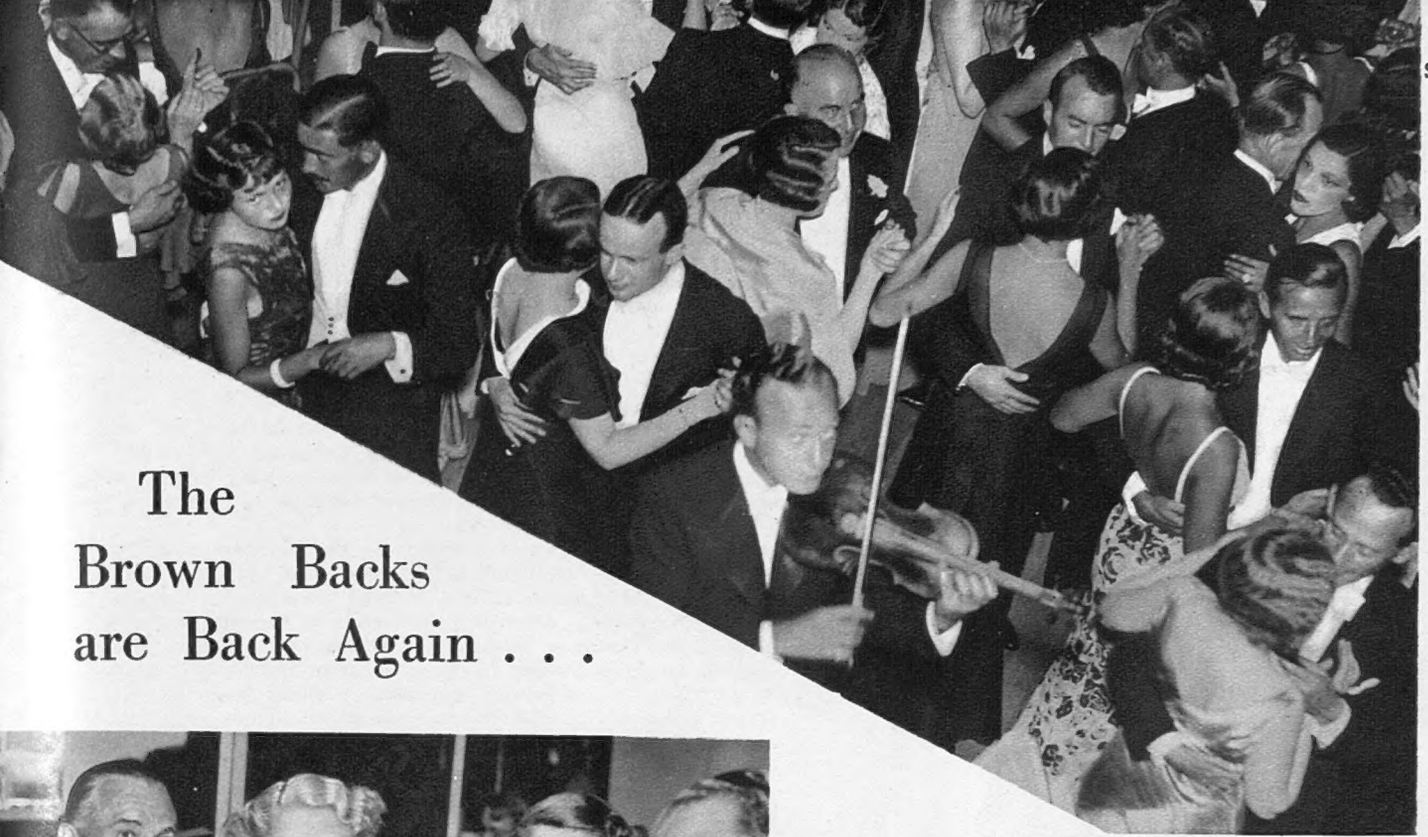
THE powers-that-be at Northolt are a very live body of men, and they insist that their Stewards pay more attention to the glasses they look through than the ones they drink out of. I did not see a single non-tryer all day. Higher praise I cannot give.

TO those accustomed to pigging it on stands which are hardly better than sugar-boxes, and in bars where the ladies vie with one another as to who can produce the dirtiest glass; in luncheon-rooms where the waiters produce a piece of ham which looks like the King's racing colours, and in cloak-rooms which boast of Eastern plumbing, the comfort of Northolt will amaze you.

YOU can sit and watch the racing and see every yard of it, while the catering is in the hands of "Jumbo" Jolliffe, which is tantamount to saying that it 's as good as it possibly could be.

I MAKE no apology for devoting my whole space this week (what a terribly dull week it 's been under Jockey Club rules!) to Northolt and pony-racing. My motto, however, is: when I have discovered a good thing in life, to pass it on to others. Last Monday at Northolt I discovered a real good thing, and I hasten to tell you all about it.

THERE is one other profession which should welcome pony-racing, and that is the jockeys' profession. Never have the ranks of the jockeys been so overcrowded, with the result that many a good rider has been forced to drop out or go abroad. Pony-racing will find employment for these men, and also for many a trainer who has found himself with nothing but empty boxes.



The Brown Backs are Back Again . . .

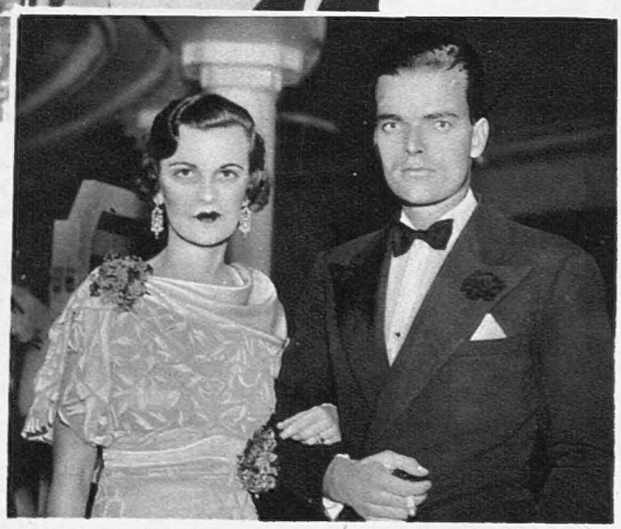
Photographs by Swaebe

Touching Reunion Scenes at the Café de Paris Opening Night

Nelson Keys, Miss Audrey Ackland, and Major and Mrs. Stanley Cooper watching all the usual people revolving again on the crowded floor

Right: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sweeney didn't fail the Café de Paris, but were there to show that its autumn season was well and truly opened

Below: Mr. Peter Ashcroft Thompson, Miss Elizabeth Brooke, the Ranee of Sarawak, Mr. Dennis Cowles, and Miss Valerie Brooke



Above: three of the most Riviera-browned beauties were Mrs. Woolf Barnato, Mrs. Vernon Luscombe, and Mrs. Nick Prinsep

Right: Miss Suzanne (platinum-blonde) Platt is not tanned

Giving the Opening Night its O.K

Below, right: Miss Phyllis Schofield and Captain "Jumbo" Jolliffe were there, having supper together

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Family Portraits and Mixed Melodrama

Right: Eve Millward (Sybil Thorndike), a widow, who believes that a woman's destiny is fulfilled by marriage and, being a one-man woman, looks forward with resignation to years of solitude. Cousin Christopher (Robert Horton) is a persistent but hopeless suitor

Leaves from a Family Album "The Distaff Side" at the St. Martin's

Sketches by Rouson

The young medical student (Alexander Archdale) finds an unexpected first patient in Toby Chegwidden (Clifford Evans), his sister's lover. The sister (Viola Keats) helps by diagnosing the complaint as 'flu

"The Distaff Side"

JOHN VAN DRUTEN has a knack of skimming the cream off the everyday milk of human lives without going fathoms deep below the surface. *The Distaff Side* is a collection of leaves from a family album which, turned over at random, make up a human document in the guise of a light essay.

That may sound unexciting, but it isn't; because the talk flows freely, and often wittily, between any number of credible people; and because few dramas are more exciting than those sagas of family life in which "nothing happens."

THERE are enough quiet goings-on in the Venables family to make a batch of romances. Petulant and exacting Grandmother Venables, being Haidée Wright, triumphantly a-quiver on her ebony stick, deserves a *Milestones* to herself. Balanced between this tyrant of seventy-five and her grandchildren, three married daughters develop the main theme of Middle Age. Duty (Sybil Thorndike) is moving and sincere: Black Sheep (Martita Hunt) is as flighty and flippant as merry widows with disreputable lovers should be; Drudgery (Dorothy Holmes-Gore) is authentically provincial and home-tied. A cousin actively devoted to good works (Margaret Carter) represents militant spinsterhood; and a dithering companion (Dora Barton) sounds the brighter chords of genteel dependency.

Duty's daughter (Viola Keats) performs youth's function of keeping things moving. Shall she risk marriage and Hollywood with the rising film-genius (Clifford Evans) with whom she has lived in sin, or secure comfort and her stage career with the eligible son (Geoffrey Gomer) of a successful playwright?

There is an excellent scene where the rugged young film-maker, feverish from influenza, waxes delirious in Sybil Thorndike's bedroom, a proper focal point for domestic upheavals. And another in which Martita Hunt's discarded rip (Edgar Norfolk) turns up like a bad penny, but, being now affluent and armed with a divorce ten years overdue, is gaily reinstated.

DUTY'S portrait is the deepest etched. The quiet, patient loyalties of this brave widow, for whom the difference between solitude and loneliness makes a second marriage unnecessary, are finely drawn by Sybil Thorndike.

To her, Haidée Wright, Martita Hunt and Dora Barton belong the major spoils, with Edgar Norfolk grabbing his share briefly but brilliantly. Clifford Evans copes easily with illness, grief, and rough-edged sincerity without fuss and frills—a difficult job. Viola Keats has looks and spirit, and her modern daughter, with a good heart under the hard veneer, augurs well. But she need not force the pace, mentally or facially.

"The Key"

IF Family Albums leave you with an insipid taste, try the strong but decidedly mixed drink on tap at the St. Martin's.

The story is of Special Officer Godfrey Tearle, brave, brawny and sincere; his terror-haunted and adoring wife, Celia Johnson, her old flame, the casual A.D.C., who seduces her in a moment when she can endure the suspense of night raids no longer—which is nonsense; and of General Graham-Browne, in command up at the Castle, who consoles her with 1908 port while she is awaiting news of her husband's fate. For, coming back early and discovering her lover of the moment in her bedroom, he had roamed the streets unarmed, been captured and held as a hostage for one Conlan, a gunman under sentence of death.

How Conlan was whisked out of prison on a faked order in the nick of time; how the General, faced with de-gumming, reprimanded the A.D.C. for forging his signature, and then shook hands with him for making three years' imprisonment the price of atonement; how the hostage, safe but, oh, so scrupulous, got me all hot, bothered and uncomfortable by taking what seemed an hour to thank his deliverer and forgive his wife . . . are not these things written in the third Act?

They are, and none too well. I liked better the rough-and-tumble in the underground cellar, and, better still, the scene at Headquarters, where, for a brief interlude, Arthur Sinclair, as a foxy Dublin lawyer, snapped the play into life.

Godfrey Tearle rises manfully to every occasion, tough or tender; Celia Johnson's subdued pathos is appealing but under-keyed for melodramatics.

TRINCULO.

Westward the Wanderer

Holiday-makers in the Basque Country

Above : the Rajah of Rajpipla, known to his friends, for whom he throws perpetual parties, as "Pip," stops for a moment, taking movie-pictures at Biarritz where he has been staying

Right : Miss Gladys Sammut, who is stopping with a party of friends at St. Jean de Luz, visits Biarritz

Mrs. Donald Cameron on the front at Biarritz. Née Enis Levita, she is a niece of Mr. Duff Cooper, M.P., Financial Secretary, War Office. Her sister is Mrs. Violet Hirsch

Below : the Marquise del Merito and Mlle. Patino, daughters of the Bolivian Minister to France and Mme. Patino, attractive figures among the Argentine circle in Paris

Mr. Jack Jordon, and Mme. de Peña by the fountain at the Chambre d'Amour, a rendezvous at Biarritz. The latter has two attractive grown-up daughters, though this, from her looks, is hard to believe

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 15

Frederick Lonsdale

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Hynes

FREDERICK LONSDALE is one of the shyest men I know. He also has what almost amounts to an inferiority complex. He is afraid, that is, of a stage failure. On one occasion, when he was going to the U.S. with the manuscript of a new play, he suddenly got cold feet and was only restrained by force from going straight back in the same ship without even landing. Yet Freddy has no reason to worry. He has developed a technique in plots which is sure-fire. Until he came along, the high note in English drama was created by the village lad calling the Duke a blackguard. Freddy, playing safely on our snobbery, makes the Duke call the Baronet a blackguard. This is novel and satisfying both to the stalls and the "gods." With his lean, corrugated cheeks, high colour, and wavy nose, he looks rather like a younger brother of Sir Chartres Biron. Both of them have most delightful speaking voices. "My dear fellow" from Freddy is as charming as if it were spoken on the stage by Ronald Squire, who so often acts in his plays.

IN an adventurous life he has been a private in the Lancashire Fusiliers, an able-bodied seaman, and has also worked on a ranch in Canada. No wonder he reacts favourably to the aristocracy. When he first began writing for the stage he chose musical-comedy work, as *The Maid of the Mountains* will testify. Since then he has written one successful drawing-room comedy after another. Perhaps *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney* was the best. Personally, I have enjoyed all of them. One of his great achievements was to make the fortune of Fred Kerr when the old gentleman was in his seventies. Freddy insisted that he should act in his plays if they were to be filmed in Hollywood, and Hollywood fell for him immediately. He has two daughters, both married. They say that as a wedding portion he wrote them each a play. Lucky girls! A Lonsdale play is equivalent to about fifty thousand pounds a time.

WHAT are his personal habits? Well, his club is the Garrick. His favourite hotel, to judge by the number of times he has stayed there, is the May Fair. He usually has the near right-hand sofa table in the restaurant at the Savoy if he is dining or supping out. But he writes his plays in the Channel Islands. When I asked him to luncheon before doing his cameo, he said he would write. But he didn't. He is extremely shy, as I say; is always afraid of being lionised; and, above all, has a secret but persistent terror of not continuing to be the dazzling success he is.

That and his very great charm are the most vivid impressions I have received over a friendship lasting eight or nine years.

A War in Wales

Welsh Golf Clubs Battle for the Championship

J. D. Hutcheson, who has acted as starter for the Welsh G. U. Championship for thirty years, and Captain J. R. Nelson, Secretary Royal Porthcawl Golf Club

H. T. Morgan (Newport), I. W Griffiths (Glamorgan), and John Morgan, Chairman of the Welsh G.U. Glamorgan, the holders, and thirteen times winners, were beaten by Southerndown

From left to right: A. H. S. Vivian, A. L. S. Todd, M.P., and P. G. Swann, three spectators, watching the competitors

Above: A. A. Duncan (Southerndown), who helped to win the final match against Glamorgan, and T. P. H. McKelvey (Cardiff), whom he beat in an earlier round

Above: E. R. Bullimore (Captain of Royal Porthcawl Golf Club), seen with Col. W. M. Orders, who played for Newport but lost his match

Right: H. F. Lord, Captain of Whitchurch, beaten by Captain R. W. M. Parfitt (Royal Porthcawl) on the right, by 3 and 1

Right: W. A. Lewis and S. R. Martyn, of Royal Porthcawl, both of whom won their first-round match v. Whitchurch

• STANDING • BY...

A Weekly Commentary on This and That

By "THE BYSTANDERS"

By Frank Ford

"This is the limit! He's sent back the lamp and kept the lady demonstrator"

THE B.B.C. annoncatrice, Sheila Borrett, seems to have settled nicely into her stride. General opinion is that this tall, brown girl, formerly a successful actress, announces—and pronounces—better than most of the males there. A clear head and some sense of humour were needed to withstand the hysterical reception the Press awarded her round about July. Reception touched a new low limit of silliness in the *Daily Express* interview with the Borrett baby, "on first hearing Mummy broadcast." Listeners in general approve of La Borretti. B.B.C. has had less than one hundred letters of complaint—which is moderate in a conservative old country like this. All the letters, without exception, came from other women. The male announcers, we hear, were at first inclined to resent the lady's appointment; showed pique when she arrived at Broadcasting House, but by the second day were pretty well enslaved. A friend of ours on the coast reports the following relevant incident. Visiting the kitchen late one evening and finding the servants' radio in action, she asked her cook for details of the weather forecast. Cook bridled. "Well, Ma'am," she replied, "it *said* the weather was going to be fine—but, then, it was that there lady announcer!"

AS though determined to cap our recent reports of new discoveries in the world of ickle, tweet, and olde Englishe shop- and restaurant-titles, Alexander Woollcott, of the *New Yorker*, records the following addenda to his own list: a Wee Wee Dyers and Cleaners; a Helpy-Selfy Stores; and a shop-sign in Watertown, Connecticut, advertising "Little Bibs for Little Spinach Spillers." It looks as though there were no sense in our trying to compete with the New World.

SOME years ago a clerical acquaintance of ours "went over to Rome." Being of a serious turn of mind, the convert determined to do the thing thoroughly: crossed over to France for a stern course of preparation for his new calling. As time passed, the principal of his seminary suggested it might be a good thing if he took confession at one of the local churches. Our friend replied that his slender knowledge of French was hardly up to such an ordeal, but if the good Father insisted—well, he would do his best. The good Father did insist, so the next day he found himself inside the confessional, determined, but a trifle apprehensive. His first penitent was a garrulous peasant woman who launched away on a breathless list of minor sins. Unable to follow a word of her patois, the neophyte waited miserably for the moment when he would be compelled to administer absolution—never had his French seemed so pitifully inadequate! At long last the lady finished her catalogue, and must have been a little staggered to hear a nervous voice from within the box reply: "Oh, vous avez, avez-vous?" Story was told to us by the priest, not by the peasant woman.

Mrs. Mark Ostrer with her younger son, Teddie, who is nearly two. Before her marriage to Mr. Mark Ostrer, Joint Managing Director of Gaumont-British Picture Corporation, she acted in films and on the stage, and will be remembered as playing the star part in "Broadway." American by birth, Mrs. Ostrer is an ideal hostess at the Ostrer home in Portland Place

ALL good restaurants have personality, but only one, as far as we know, has a dual personality. The Jekyll-and-Hyde in question is the Ivy Restaurant. For luncheon the little place on West Street is crowded with famous actors and actresses; always has been. At dinner-time, though, you will meet quite another clientèle—solid people in rather good evening dress, who look up so abruptly when you come in from the street that it is plain that they dine there hoping to see the famous doing their stuff. As it happens, few theatre people turn up in the evening, so that the diners have to be content with suspecting each other of being Noel Coward and Fay Compton. Why there are no actors at the Ivy in the evening we cannot say—unless it is that they can only afford one meal a day and that 's lunch.

DECADENT Europeans, rotting quietly away in the wonderful sunshine of the late summer, have got a big kick out of America's feverish battle with Crisis. It is always pleasant to watch other people working: nothing attracts a bigger crowd than a gang of men hacking up a road. Gloomy old economists that we are, we have little faith in the ultimate success of the Recovery Act, but General Johnson, if he can't give the people bread, has managed to stage a very good-looking circus. It is entertaining, in the golden fume of Septembral sunshine, to watch Roosevelt and Ford at their games; to read of a million Recovery flags fluttering from the flagstaffs of America; to hear of thousands of orators rooting for Recovery; a million door-to-door canvassers shaming the decent citizen into paying away his money in wages to people who won't know what to do with them when they get them. One of the features of the American situation is the revival of barter: the newspapers are crowded with advertisements offering to exchange this for that in the good old Phœnician fashion.

Frances Day, who is appearing in "How D'You Do?" at the Comedy Theatre, is also filming at the Nettlefold Studios, Walton-on-Thames, where she plays opposite Carl Brisson in "Two Hearts in Waltz Time." She is seen above with a boon companion

BY PYM

Aldershot Personalities—No. 11

Captain Churcher, A.P.T.S.

BY BLAND

"Do I charge now, Bates?"

Here are three cuttings recently to hand—

Will exchange fresh milk daily for Hawaiian guitar.

WANTED.—Handy man to do plastering, carpentering, and painting, in exchange for maple syrup.

WANTED.—Furnished room; will give extermination in return for rent.

The last-quoted advertiser must, we judge, be either a murderer, a suicide case, or a rat-catcher. If he really wants a furnished room, he 'd do better to be more specific.

MR. EDWIN CHAPPELL, having recently completed a Bibliography of Samuel Pepys, sent along a copy of it to this department. Truculent circular accompanying the pamphlet disclosed that the bibliography comprises two hundred and twenty items, "Which," says Mr. Chappell, "should be compared with the twenty-five of the original edition of the Cambridge History of English Literature." (Go on, *you* compare them—we 're going out for tea!) Mr. Chappell seems to have routed out a whole heap of Pepysian literature—and got pretty grumpy in the process. He has hard things

By Savory

"Don't bother me! Go aft!"

Sasha

A scene from "Is Life Worth Living," at the Ambassadors, showing Eddie Twohig (Joseph Linnane, who has jumped into fame in this part) dripping from the sea which cured him of suicidal tendencies for love of Christine (Meriel Moore), who becomes reconciled to him

VIVE LE SPORT!

No. 9.—Sir Harry Preston

IN fostering the "fistic art"
Sir Harry Preston plays a part
That 's anything but small; for he
Encourages to marked degree
All those—both amateur and pro—
Who love exchanging blow for blow,
Provided they do not resort
To tactics of the shady sort
That all too frequently hold sway
Within the dear old U.S.A.

And though he no more dons the gloves,
The Noble Art Sir Harry loves;
And so we see him at his seat,
At all outstanding fights, complete
With large cigar and buttonhole,
A very bright and cheery soul
Who, though Old Time has dealt shrewd knocks
At what were once fine hirsute locks,
Is so good-tempered, I declare,
You never see him "lose his hair."

But Boxing means much more to him
Than gory battles stern and grim,
For in his enterprising way
He proves that fistic bouts to-day
Can help deserving charity
By bringing in much L.s.d.
And Brighton's hospitals well know
They 'll ne 'er receive a knock-out blow,
So, thanks to him, they gladly vow
"There is no place like Dome right now."

B. W.

Jimmy "Schnozzle" Durante and Lupe Velez discussing the vital problem in the lawn tennis world: "Should men wear the slacks and women the shorts, or vice-versa?"

to say of the flood of articles that has distinguished this Tercentenary year of grace. "It would seem," he mutters, "that most editors in this country have the idea that any young man with a public school education, who has taken a postal course in Journalism and has read an abridged edition of the Diary, is qualified to instruct his fellows in any aspect of Pepys." Hard words—but it must be fairly galling to have spent years beating the *Cambridge History of English Literature* to it, only to find that every Tom, Dick, and Harry from the public schools who can lay his hand on the Encyclopædia has been getting all the articles. Inaccuracies and mis-statements regarding Samuel Pepys are poison to Mr. Chappell, who quite seriously advocates "an order prohibiting the publication of anything about Pepys for a space of thirty years. On the expiration of this standstill period, the next generation would have the opportunity of making a new and healthy start with an honest edition of the Diary."

As Mr. Chappell reminds us, the most generally-read version of *Pepys' Diary*, Lord Braybrook's, runs to a mere 360,000 words, or twenty-seven per cent. of the 1,330,000 Pepys originally wrote. This is now issued by three publishers, though one house publishes my Lord's "enlarged" edition (600,000 words, or forty-five per cent.), and another Wheatley's edition, containing ninety-nine per cent. "It is very curious to reflect," growls Bibliographer Chappell, "that the law deals severely with a tradesman who sells fifteen ounces as a pound, but apparently has not the slightest objection to a mere, badly selected twenty-seven per cent. being sold to the uninformed public as '*Pepys' Diary*' without qualification!" We agree that the Pepys situation is at present most unsatisfactory; what the uninformed public really needs is a nice handy edition of the Diary, running to about 66,500 words (or five per cent.) and comprising most of the fruitier passages. It is a crying scandal that in an age like the present the public should be forced to wade through a socking great edition like Wheatley's before they can find the pages they really want

Naunton Wayne, Pearl Osgood, Diana Napier, and Arthur Riscoe seen on the Lido, where they journeyed to appear in exteriors for a Windsor Film production, "For Love of You," now in course of being made at Elstree

to read. Why, even Lord Braybrook's little booklet, to us, is a darned nuisance!

A MEMBER of the Savage Club was complaining some weeks ago that he found it difficult to get to sleep of nights. "I 've tried everything," he said; "even counting sheep." Then up spake Herman Finck. "I 've a cure that never fails," he remarked. "When I can't get to sleep, I start counting the Lupinos!" All actors, and most theatre-goers, will appreciate this quip. Theatrical families are notoriously prolific, and none more so than the Lupinos. This glorious line of actor-acrobats springs, as far as history relates, from one Georgio Lupino, who made the eighteenth century laugh. No one seems to know the date of Georgio's death—indeed, being a Lupino, he may still be living. In the family tree he is listed with simple dignity as "Alive 1784." A formidable number of Georgio's great-grandsons adorn the "profesh." They are Stanley Lupino, Barry Lupino senr., Wallace Lupino, and Lupino Lane—with a fifth generation in reserve, including Richard Lupino, Barry Lupino junr., Ida Lupino, Dora Lupino, and Laurie Lupino Lane. Ida left recently for Hollywood, while the rest of the family are either in film studios over here or throwing paste, pies, flour, dough, and tomato-soup in Wylie's all-pantomime show, *Frivolity*.

ONE of the pleasantest places to dine is the Garter Club, in Grosvenor Street. This is run by Fysher (of Chez Fysher fame). It being our avowed principle not to soil this fair department with chit-chat of the "where-the-smart-male-is-dining" order (we have, as you may have observed, sternly stuck to our original intention not to mention a single débutante, the money not being big enough), we hasten to remark that we only mention the Garter Club here because, in appearance and decoration, it reminds us irresistibly of a New York speak-easy—and you will agree that it is a notable thing to find a New York speak-easy in Grosvenor Street. The resemblance lies entirely in the fact that the Garter, like so many smart speaks in the 'sixties, is housed in a one-time mansion. Its cooking is as good as that of most speaks, though its windows are not so heavily curtained. The décor of its restaurant takes us back to a joint at which, last spring, we entertained Anna May Wong to as chemical a bottle of Barsac as ever cost a man ten dollars.

TWO hundred and fifty years ago yesterday, John Sobieski and the Polish Lancers thundered down the Colemberg and saved Vienna from the Turks. What a sight must have greeted their eyes that morning! Three hundred thousand Turks and Hungarians surrounded the city, which was garrisoned by a starving handful of students and citizens. Vienna would have fallen months before if Kara-Mustapha, Grand Vizier commanding the Ottoman armies, had not been afraid that, if he ordered a general assault, his troops would pillage the city and steal the Emperor Leopold's treasure for themselves. As it was, he settled down to wait for the Viennese to surrender, planting gardens around his silken tents and importing bulbuls from Persia to sing in the trees beside his fountains. As things fell out, the Grand Vizier left his own treasure to Sobieski, also the sacred standard of the Prophet which the Polish king sent to the Pope. We only mention this grand and glorious anniversary because it looks to us like a very good excuse for a party, if anyone happens to be wanting an excuse! THE BYSTANDERS.

"What are you in for?"
"Good."
"Too bad."

John Everard

Viola Keates, a Bancroft Gold Medallist, at the R.A.D.A., who is appearing in "On the Distaff Side," John Van Druten's new play, which had its première last week at the Apollo Theatre. She is also under contract with the Twickenham Film Company

Above: Heddle Nash singing songs by Roger Quilter at a Promenade Concert at the Queen's Hall. The orchestral accompaniments were conducted by the composer

Left: M. Sgladkowski, the Polish pianist, with Miss Marica Sgekely and Mr. Camille Honig enjoying a busman's holiday at Queen's Hall

Music

and all That . . .

Hereford and Brass Bands

By "Melos"

NOT a ghost of a chance is there of finding your fashionable music-lover at the Three Choirs Festival, which last week put beautiful but decorous Hereford into a decorously beautiful holiday mood. You would be as little likely to find him, or her, at a brass-band contest.

Psychologically, the point is not uninteresting. The cathedral cities of the West Country are no less attractive (save in the matter of alcoholic opportunities) than Salzburg or Bayreuth; and they are handier and cheaper. You do not get opera, but you do get better orchestral playing and much better singing.

I motored down on a golden morning to Hereford for the inaugural service held in the cathedral, this being, virtually, Act I. of the Festival proper (of course, the Festival is always proper). Anything finer than the excerpts from the Brahms "Requiem" I never wish to hear. And the pomp and circumstance of the Elgar march which ushered in the Sheriff of the county, Mayors in robes, and other local notabilities, added an attractively Mediæval touch, reminiscent of *Die Meistersinger* in real life.

YET all this, and much more, was completely ignored by those who come under the description of "well-known music-lovers." These good folk can take their music where they like and where they choose to pay for it. It is a pity, however, that they so persistently choose to pay for it on the other side of the Channel, and to honour Wagner instead of Elgar. Both composers are giants and meet to be honoured. But it is so characteristic to rush to a dead German and ignore a living Englishman.

I HAVE mentioned brass-band contests. I have attended one, and it was an ordeal never to be endured again. Those who take part in such orgies enjoy them, and they do a vast amount of good in cultivating a love of the art among those whose lives are otherwise grey, etc., etc. But the music they provide is of the type it is more blessed to give than to receive.

To this year's National Band Festival at the Crystal Palace Sir Granville Bantock has added a novel and piquant touch. Having composed a work specially for brass bands, entitled *Prometheus Unbound*, he has laid it down that every bandsman competing should study his Shelley, with a view to giving the piece appropriate interpretation.

That should send up the sale of Shelley with a wallop, since over 5000 leather-lunged folk, mostly from Yorkshire and Lancashire, take part. I like to picture a trombone-player from Oswaldtwhistle and a tuba expert from Chorlton-cum-Medlock greeting each other with "Hail, blithe spirit" in the usual place of refreshment, and proceeding to discuss the inner meaning of some of Shelley's more abstruse passages.

Brass bands, let me add, have their importance in the musical scheme of things, and can, and often do, play beautifully, and even delicately. Eminent composers have frequently written specially for them. But the quality of the tone is apt to grow wearisome, far superior though it is to the saxophones in a jazz-band. And in any contest the repetition of one piece is maddening.

MR. ISIDORE DE LARA has been telling me of the continued success in Budapest of his opera, *Le Voilier Blanc*. Admiral Horthy borrowed a copy of the score in order to study it before hearing the work, and the local Press continue to be enthusiastic.

Mr. de Lara (who is an Englishman) wrote both the libretto and the music, and the former will be given as a play at the Comédie Française, which is, I imagine, an unprecedented honour for a non-Frenchman. It may also be seen in London in English—the play, not the opera, for goodness only knows when a new English opera (or, for that matter, any new opera at all) will be seen in London. The Old Vic-Sadler's Wells company have an established repertory, with a few Russian additions, and the new touring opera company, run by Mr. Robert Parker, is, for the moment, devoting itself exclusively to Wagner.

Mr. de Lara's *Messaline*, very popular in London in the 'nineties, is now an attraction at Aix-les-Bains. It has not been heard at Covent Garden for over thirty years.

THERE is some good music in *Clancarty*, at the Winter Garden; indeed, the place seemed at times like Covent Garden, for Miss Enid Cruikshank, one of our best British Carmens, plays, or, rather, sings, Lady Clancarty. Miss Cruikshank has a glorious voice, but as an actress has a good deal to learn.

Clancarty's composer, Mr. Wolseley Charles, used to be the pianist for the "Co-optimists," but here shows that he is both ambitious and made of sterner stuff. The orchestration, which is particularly good, is by another hand; but there is no doubt that Mr. Charles has hit upon some good tunes.

Delirious Dialogues: No. 25. The King of Italy and Sir Oswald Mosley

Depicted by Bovey

The King: *Sir Oswald Mosley, I believe? I saw your photograph in "The Bystander" last week. How go things?*
Sir Oswald: *Fascism is the hope of the future. The outlook is by no means as black as my shirt.*
The King: *I seem destined to see nothing but black shirts all my life, thanks to—ahem!*
Sir Oswald: *I must wear the uniform for I am a slave to duty, and my country calls me.*
The King: *If it isn't a rude answer, may I ask what does your country call you?*
Sir Oswald: *One who will give it protection.*
The King: *You have been anticipated by Mr. Neville Chamberlain.*
Sir Oswald: *Soon the cry will be "Black Shirts to the front!"*
The King: *And I hope your Black Shirts won't be collared.*
Sir Oswald: *Our band will always be free.*
The King: *But I see you fear attack. You carry a weapon.*
Sir Oswald: *A mere foil. I repel attacks with my tongue.*
The King: *You are lucky to live in a land where the tongue is mightier than the sword—or stiletto. O, si sic omnes. Good-day.*

Dorothy Wilding

VISCOUNTESS FURNESS

Formerly Mrs. Enid Cavendish, she has lately married the Viscount and is seen above with her two children by her first marriage, Pat and Carol. Her husband, who was given the title of Baron in 1910 and Viscount in 1918, is a shipbuilder and an iron and steel works and colliery proprietor

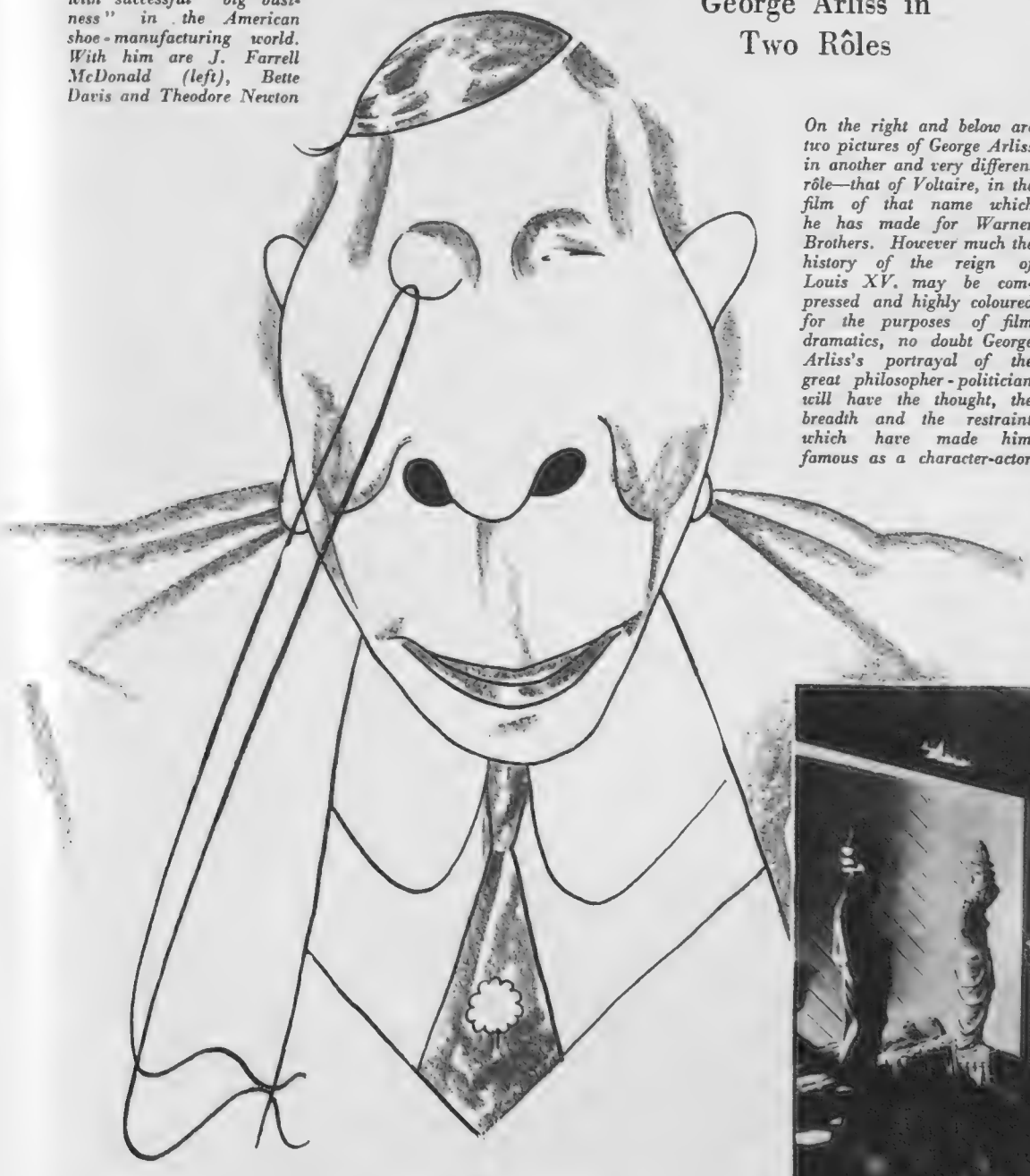
A scene from "The Working Man," which opened last week at the Regal, in which film George Arliss proves that altruism and morality can be happily combined with successful "big business" in the American shoe-manufacturing world. With him are J. Farrell McDonald (left), Bette Davis and Theodore Newton

The Shoe King and the daughter of his late business rival and friend, to whom he acts as self-appointed and kind-hearted mentor: George Arliss and Bette Davis in "The Working Man"

Shoe King — Philosopher

George Arliss in Two Rôles

On the right and below are two pictures of George Arliss in another and very different rôle—that of Voltaire, in the film of that name which he has made for Warner Brothers. However much the history of the reign of Louis XV. may be compressed and highly coloured for the purposes of film dramatics, no doubt George Arliss's portrayal of the great philosopher-politician will have the thought, the breadth and the restraint which have made him famous as a character-actor



The great film-actor caricatured: an impression of George Arliss by Gould

The Passing Picture Show

Acting Honours

By

Sydney Tremayne

"Another Language," at the Empire

A scene from the film version of the play of the same name, showing John Beal, Robert Montgomery, and Helen Hayes, the two latter taking the parts played by Herbert Marshall and Edna Best

Another scene from "Another Language," at the Empire, showing some of "the most disgustingly vulgar, guzzling and gossiping set of in-laws" with whom a bride was ever cursed, who have much to do with the plot. The only sympathetic part is that of the young wife, played by Helen Hayes

"The Working Man"

George Arliss is the autocrat and aristocrat of the studios. He consummately portrays kings, rajahs, and statesmen, but appears to find relaxation in excursions into "big business," and, in spite of his inappropriately frail physique, his distinguished diction, and his art, which never quite conceals itself, succeeds in playing the parts of bluff, self-made business men with hard heads and soft hearts.

Such is his rôle in *The Working Man*, a companion picture to *The Millionaire*—a little less "slick," however, and bereft of surprise by the similarity of its theme and the invariability of the Arliss method. It is, nevertheless, good entertainment of the mild variety—vegetarian, family fare in comparison with recent "meaty" gangster and newspaper films.

Mr. Arliss introduces touches of sentiment in his own way: the plethoric plutocrat of the board-room becomes the gentle-voiced old crony of the fishing-barge; the tender-eyed old man gazing at the portrait of a dead love then reverts to the stern reprover of youthful frivolity and the reconstructional business genius who takes in hand the failing factories of his dead rival in the boot trade and enters into anonymous and successful competition with his fatuously conceited nephew, who is running his business while he is, supposedly, on a fishing holiday. This part is played with courageous indifference to ridicule by Hardy Albright. He is ultimately consoled for his humiliations by Bette Davis, who belies the first impression of doll-like insipidity by playing these light, but by no means easy, parts with competence and sincerity.

"I Was a Spy"

This film virtually marks the opening of the autumn offensive as far as British Studios are concerned. It is a painstaking filmic reconstruction, by Victor Saville, of the experiences of Martha Cnockhaert, the Belgian woman who acted as an agent for the Allies during the war, was caught and sentenced to death, but reprieved. She afterwards married an English officer. Martha's love for Stephan, the Alsatian orderly and fellow-spy, and the interest of the German Commandant are doubtless fictional interpolations for entertainment purposes. Actually, the scenes with the Commandant, with whom she goes to Brussels in the interests of her work, are among the best and most moving in the film, because of the supremely good and significant acting of Conrad Veidt. He makes the German officer a handsome, dominating figure, ruthless in the execution of his duty and the attainment of his desires, but does not brutalise the character as a less subtle player might have done.

In the trial scene he is magnificent, and here Madeleine Carroll, as the Spy, reaches a high histrionic level, playing with a dignity and feeling which she does not attain at any other time in the film. She fails to convey the almost fanatical fervour and patriotic desire to rid her country of the hated Germans which must have prompted a woman like Martha Cnockhaert to play the desperate and dangerous part she did.

Herbert Marshall, as Stephan, is another disappointment. The part does not suit him. The rest of an "all star" cast, including Donald Calthrop, Edmund Gwenn, May Agate, Eva Moore and Anthony Bushell, contribute brilliantly to an ensemble of excellently selected types. But why does Sir Gerald du Maurier, for his evidently studious portrait of a bearded and bespectacled German doctor, speak with a Teutonic accent, when all the other players use their natural speech?

The settings are excellent, especially the perfectly realistic main Place of the Belgian town, which makes the more astonishing the introduction of a sort of pantomime "trap" which Martha and Stephan are supposed to have made from a disused sewer to a munition-dump which they blow up, and through which their faces appear among the legs of German soldiers. The hospital scenes after the first German gas-attack are sufficiently horrible to convert the most confirmed of war-mongers into pacifists.

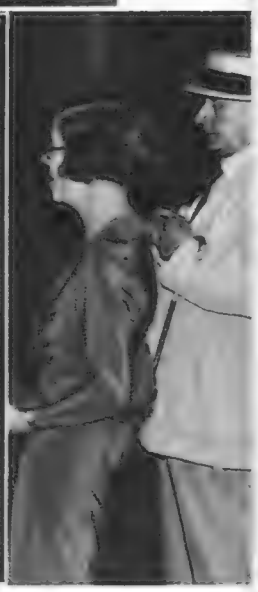
"Another Language"

This film is inferior in technique to both the foregoing pictures. Converted from the stage-play, it shows inevitable gaps in continuity and sequence, and lacks essential action, because interest depends on interplay of character and emotions, with only one outstandingly sympathetic character—the young wife, whose married life is almost spoiled by the antagonism of the most disgustingly vulgar, guzzling and gossiping set of in-laws a woman was ever cursed with. The wife's part is played with real artistry by Helen Hayes. She neither over-acts nor over-sentimentalises, and her scene with the young nephew-by-marriage who falls in love with her is beautifully handled. Robert Montgomery almost succeeds in disguising his native charm and humour as the family-ridden, priggish husband. An authentic portrait of the hateful mother-in-law and her exercise of the tyranny of invalidism was given by poor Louise Closser Hale, who has since died.

And now comes the tragic news that brilliant, lovable Marie Dressler, who makes a dual reappearance in such vastly different parts as Tugboat Annie, in the film of that name, and as the retired actress in *Dinner at Eight*, is seriously ill. One can only hope the report is exaggerated.

Below: some of the audience taking a breather on a hot September night in the interval at Queen's Hall, where the Promenade Concerts are in full swing

Evening Dress—



—or not

Prom-tiddley-om-Prom

Queen's Hall Crowded for the Promenade Concerts

Above: a high-brow takes the air. Below, left: some members of the enthusiastic audiences who are so attracted by music that they will stand for two hours packed together on a hot night to listen to the orchestra under the direction of Sir Henry Wood, who is seen on the right conducting. And the more classical the music, the more crowded is Queen's Hall

PLAY

MARTIN LEWIS
and
CAROL GOODNER

FILM

—The doctor lover calls on the business man's spoilt and frivolous wife—

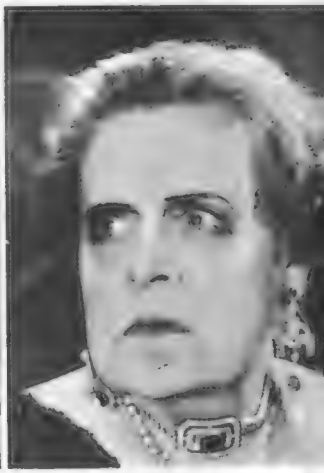
EDMUND LOWE
and
JEAN HARLOW

PLAY

BASIL SYDNEY
and
MARGARET VINES

PLAY

PLAY



LAURA COWIE — the passée actress — MARIE DRESSLER

PLAY

FILM

CAROL GOODNER
and
LYN HARDING

—The quarrel scene: the business man and his wife exchange some tough talk—

JEAN HARLOW
and
WALLACE BEERY

PLAY

IRENE VANBRUGH — The hostess invites her guests to dinner —

BILL

FILM

—The drunken film-star, down and out, is visited by the daughter of the hostess who gave the dinner at eight—

JOHN BARRYMORE and MADGE EVANS

PLAY

FILM

PLAY into FILM

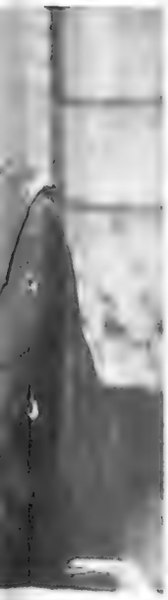
"Dinner at Eight" comes back to the Palace Theatre

THE film version of the George S. Kaufman-Edna Ferber play, "Dinner at Eight," opened a week ago at the Palace Theatre; screen and stage scenes are here compared. M.-G.-M. have collected no less than thirteen major stars for their production, which is directed by George Cukor. Reviewing this all-star play-into-film success has been compared by a New York journal to the job of measuring Gibraltar in millimetres—an adequate summary of all the superlatives in a reviewer's vocabulary

FILM

DAVE BURNS and BASIL SYDNEY —The film-star turns down his agent's proposal that he should make a stage come-back in a minor part— LEE TRACEY and JOHN BARRYMORE

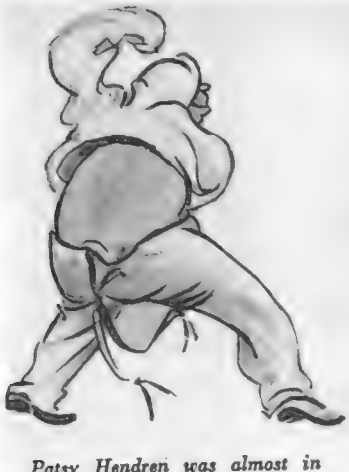
FILM PLAY *Stage photos by Sasha*



BILLIE BURKE

TRISTAN RAWSON, LAURA COWIE and LYN HARDING —Cracks in the family business are shown up by the vagaries of the one-time actress and the Middle-West methods of the business man— MARIE DRESSLER, WALLACE BEERY and LIONEL BARRYMORE

FILM



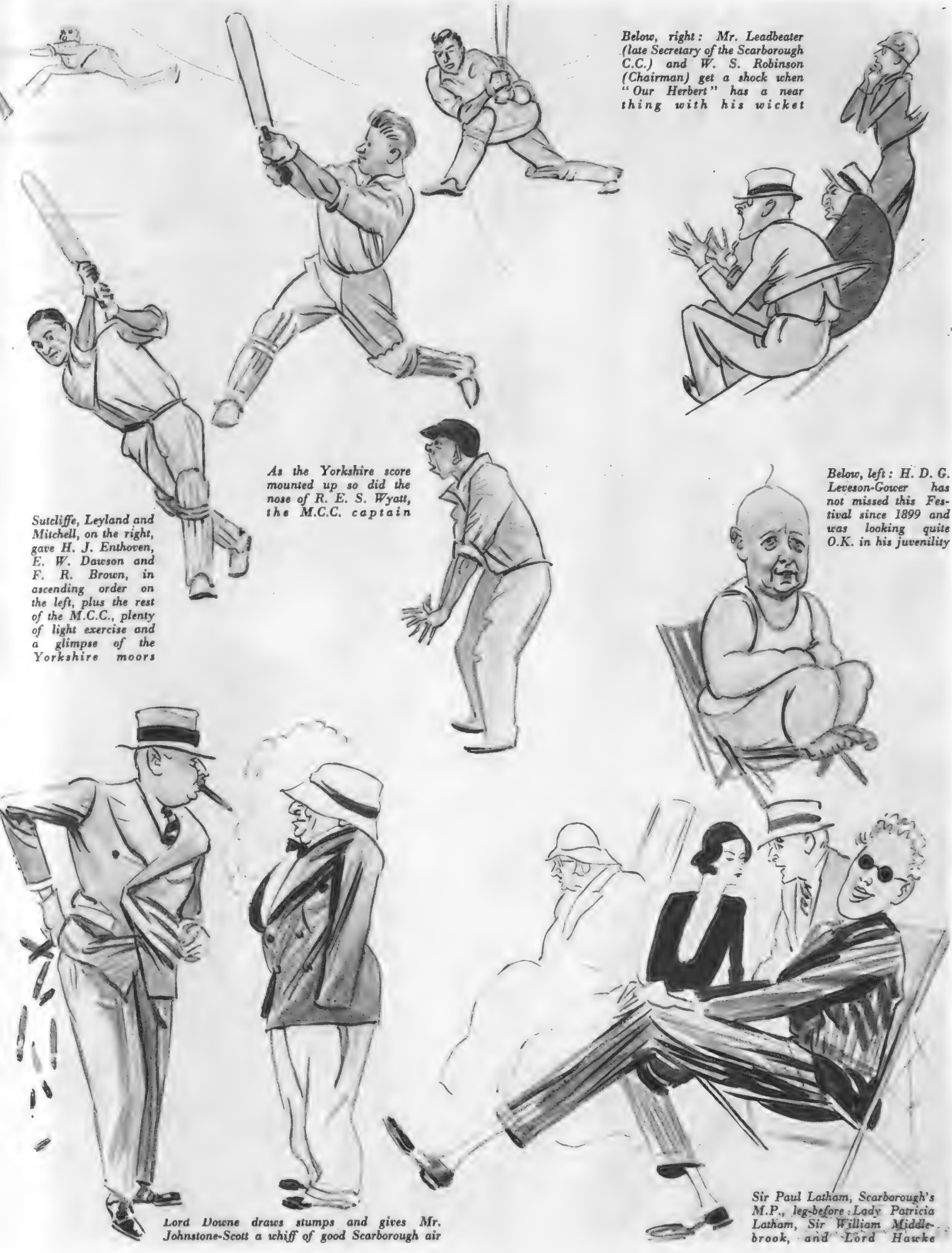
Patsy Hendren was almost in time for the 1934 Festival

"Colley" Watson, bordering on the youthful age of ninety, played against M.C.C. fifty years ago

Left: "Our Wilfred" (Rhodes) shows his new festive check coat to Lucas Goodall (Secretary), and Hirst

Verity and Bowes gleefully wondering whether they will get a knock during this festive Festival

The Mayor of Scarborough gives "Our Herbert" century-applause, while lunch scores with the Deputy Mayor

Scarborough's Annual—Our Cockney artist, H.

Below, right: Mr. Leadbeater (late Secretary of the Scarborough C.C.) and W. S. Robinson (Chairman) get a shock when "Our Herbert" has a near thing with his wicket

Sutcliffe, Leyland and Mitchell, on the right, gave H. J. Enthoven, E. W. Dawson and F. R. Brown, in ascending order on the left, plus the rest of the M.C.C., plenty of light exercise and a glimpse of the Yorkshire moors

As the Yorkshire score mounted up so did the nose of R. E. S. Wyatt, the M.C.C. captain

Below, left: H. D. G. Leveson-Gower has not missed this Festival since 1899 and was looking quite O.K. in his juvenility

Lord Downe draws stumps and gives Mr. Johnstone-Scott a whiff of good Scarborough air

Sir Paul Latham, Scarborough's M.P., leg-before: Lady Patricia Latham, Sir William Middlebrook, and Lord Hawke

H. Harris, "tykes" off personalities at the Cricket Festival

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

Visionary Instruction

The Welsh Team Golf Championship

H. R. Howell (Glamorgan), winner of the Welsh Amateur Championship eight times, and J. F. Gallaway (Southerndown). These two played for their clubs in the final, which was won by Southerndown

The Jubilee Vase Golf Tournament

Lord Balfour of Burleigh and Sir Nairne Stewart-Sandeman, whom he defeated in the first round of the above competition which took place recently at St. Andrews

IT is not often that I utilise my weekly space in this journal for the purpose of reviewing a book: in fact, I can only remember having done so once before, and that was on what I can definitely call a golfing occasion—the appearance of Mr. Bernard Darwin's delightful *Out of the Rough*. But unless I am much mistaken, another golfing occasion has occurred with the publication by Messrs. Putnam of a little book called *Golf Technique Simplified*, by George E. Lardner. This book is issued at the modest price of 3*s*. 6*d*., and, quite frankly, I think that it will be found by many to be worth ten times that amount. This is all the more strange because, although I hope I will be forgiven by those who indulge in the writing of books about golf, I can definitely say that I do not think there is anything to be learnt from instructional golf books, and that none of those which I have come across have done anything to alter this opinion—until *Golf Technique Simplified*.

To my mind, there are only two ways in which to learn how to play golf: one is by actual personal instruction from one of those professionals—alas! only too few—who know how they play their good shots and therefore can impart the knowledge to others; and the other, possibly an even better method, by watching the experts at play, analysing their shots for oneself, and trying to copy their methods. This latter way might be called the "Visionary Method," and it is exactly this method which is so neatly set out in *Golf Technique Simplified*.

THIS little book is nothing more nor less than 120 pages of typescript opposite 120 pages of very carefully-drawn pictures. The typescript naturally refers to the shot illustrated on the opposite page, and in this case the pictures are of far greater use than any photographs would be, for the arc of the club, correct or incorrect, is frequently pointed out by dotted lines and can be seen at a glance. What is more, the pictures are interesting in so far as they have obviously been taken from photographs and bear definite resemblances to various very great personalities in the game. For instance, and, I may say, taken entirely at random, the heading of one page is "Hit Ball on Upstroke for Distance," and the picture on the opposite page is a drawing of Cyril Tolley at the finish of his shot. Incidentally, the very first line of the typescript on this particular page appeals to me enormously; it is lucid and to the point and it reads: "As a usual thing, reports on long drives are exaggerated."

Turning the book open at another page, again entirely at random, we find the heading: "Long Putts." The first line of the typescript reads as follows: "George Voigt, one of the best of amateur putters in the game, is also one of the bravest." The picture is of Voigt addressing his putt, and his stance and grip can be seen clearly. Another page devoted to putting is that describing the picture of Bobby Jones, also addressing the ball for the putt, and the reader may take his choice as to which of these two wizards (together with many others) he may care to imitate.

IN a very short foreword written by Francis Ouimet, that great American golfer says: "My attention has been drawn to the pictorial method of golfing instruction, and I must say that I am tremendously impressed with its possibilities for helping the golfer to improve his game. . . . I believe it is a very sensible and sound method of instruction." Frankly, I am delighted that Francis Ouimet should have written these words, for he has now publicly and irrefutably agreed with my contention that it is by this visionary method that golf can most easily be learnt. This little book is undoubtedly a tremendous step forward in golfing instruction by post: in fact, the first effort I have ever seen about which I can honestly say that I think it is useful to the golfer, good or bad, who may read its pages. Mr. Lardner has certainly helped his fellow-golfers by writing this book, and I should like to congratulate him on the idea, while wishing that I had thought of it first. It is one of those very simple ideas which are always the best, and which lead one to that somewhat stupid, but nevertheless inevitable, remark: "Good lord, it 's so simple; why on earth didn't somebody think of it before!" I like Mr. Lardner's book. I think it will be useful. I hope it sells enormously: and, making no apology for devoting so much space to it, I suggest that my readers would do well to purchase a copy and peruse it with care.

WHILE on this subject of visionary instruction, I anticipate that I may come up against certain of my readers who will tell me that although it is an excellent thing to watch good players in action, they cannot agree with me that it is any better than going to their professional for lessons. I do not wish to suggest that it necessarily is, although I do definitely state that I myself have found it more useful, but I would like to say this in answer: it is a well-known fact that in any game, and in golf just as much as the rest, one's capabilities improve sometimes to an almost startling extent when one is playing consistently with somebody better than oneself. Supposing you take a golfing holiday with a friend who is better than yourself and play quite a lot of golf with him: you come back playing probably better than you have ever played before. I am going to suggest that the reason for this is not so much that you were pulling out everything you knew in order to give a good game to your friend, whose game was superior to yours, as the fact that you were watching his play and realising where and why he was better than you, and, consciously or unconsciously, imitating his strokes, with excellent results to your own game. There are many who have told me that by just such a holiday they have improved their golf much more, and also in a shorter space of time, than they have by receiving a course of lessons.

Well, if that isn't a result of visionary, even if unconscious, tuition, what is?

The Danish Championship

Fräulein Marie Gorrison, of Hamburg, the new Swedish Lady Champion, and one of the English competitors, Major Sarel, on the links of the Copenhagen Golf Club, in the Deer Park, near Copenhagen

Sir Walter Scott and Lewis Carroll jointly merit our apologies

To the civilised world it was Guinness that said
"I've a gleam like a ruby, I'm famed for my head;
Let people of taste, whosoever they be,
Come dine with the Lobster, the Oyster, and Me!"

Then fill up your glass with this glorious brew;
It's good for the Lobster, the Oyster and you.
It's good for the body and good for the mind,
It's the very best thing for the whole of mankind!

"I'm certain," quoth Guinness, "you'll all of you think
'Tis a pleasure to taste me, a rapture to drink.
In fact it's as jolly as jolly can be
To dine with the Lobster, the Oyster and Me!"

"Then fill up the glasses as quick as you can
With Guinness that strengthens and comforts a man.
Leave care in the cloak-room along with your hat—
Goodbye to depression and gloom and all that!"

GUINNESS brings Lobsters and Oysters out of their shells

The Hon. Mrs. Douglas Woodruff

Right: the Hon. Mrs. Edward Eyre

A Quartette of Sisters

Some of the Acton Family Portrayed

Above is the Hon. Mrs. Douglas Woodruff, eldest daughter of the late Lord and Lady Acton. Her husband is Mr. Douglas Woodruff, younger son of Mrs. Cumberland Woodruff, of Oxford. In the circle is the Hon. Mrs. Edward Eyre with her two small sons. She married Mr. Edward Eyre, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eyre, of New York, in 1928. On the right centre is Princess Guglielmo Rospigliosi. Her husband is a younger son of the late Prince Ludovico Rospigliosi and Princess Rospigliosi, of Castello, San Rocco, Thiene. On the far right is the Hon. Joan Acton, who was born in 1915. Lord Acton has two other sisters and one brother

Right:
Princess Guglielmo Rospigliosi

The Hon. Joan Acton

Photographs by Bassano

C. F. Walters, Captain of Worcestershire, and most attractive batsman

Bakewell, the Northamptonshire professional, who played for England

Howard Marshall on Cricket

Farewell the Season

THERE are a couple of cows in our outfield now. Chickens squawk and flutter under the sagging ropes which still guard the comparatively even patch where the local Larwood has wrought such horrible destruction. The flimsy doors of the shed which serves us as scoring-box and pavilion are fastened until next summer with a rusty padlock; the leaves will soon begin to fall from the big elm by the barn.

A gentle melancholy descends upon us as we smoke our evening pipes, and watch the mist curling over the pleasant ground where we have spent so many happy hours. Most reluctantly we admit that the season is over; it will be at least eight months before someone deals faithfully with leg-theory and sends the ball flying among the tankards through the bar-parlour window.

Seven times that has happened this summer, but the landlord bears no grudge. It has been a good season for him—fine, thirsty weather; it has, indeed, been a good season for us all. Never has the ball been hit so often into the churchyard, a prodigious carry over square-leg's head; never have the runs streamed so gloriously off the lustily wielded bat.

We feel, indeed, that we cannot bear to let the summer slip so easily from us; never again, we say to one another, shall we have so many golden afternoons; never again shall we go to bed every Friday night in the serene certainty that the morning will greet us with a blaze of sunshine for the match. And what journeys we have made to neighbouring villages, rumbling through the shady lanes and returning in the sweet evening air; what meals we 've had on trestle tables under the apple-trees; what gigantic pies have disappeared down hungry throats, what mugs of ale have prepared us for our songs!

AH, well, we shall store it all in our memories against the winter darkness, and in the meanwhile we have no complaints. This is how the cricketing summer has passed in our corner of England, and I find it hard to tear myself away and look back reminiscently over the wider, more noisy world. Things have been happening out there, too, though not such jolly, carefree things, and in this village we do not make the mistake of taking them overseriously. We like to follow the fortunes of Surrey, since that is our county; we are pleased when Hobbs goes one nearer to his double century of centuries; we admire the Yorkshire team-work, and we look with mild interest at the doings of the West Indies. We even amuse ourselves sometimes by trying to pick a team to meet the Australians next year.

THESE Australians, now, they strike us as formidable fellows. We shall be glad to welcome them, but that Bradman, we are convinced, will give us a deal of trouble. To tell the truth, down here we do not rate the standard of English bowling very high. Larwood was a great bowler, sure enough, and Clark, of Northants, most venomous of left-handers, may do good service, and G. O. Allen, if he can leave his more pressing business engagements, should send more than one Australian wicket flying. But where are the others? Verity, Freeman, Marriott, young Farnes, R. W. V. Robins, James Langridge, we murmur, and then we are bound to admit that this has been a poor season for bowlers. The settled weather, certainly, has favoured the batsman, but there seems to be little new blood coming along to give us men like Barnes and Rhodes, and Kortright and Tate.

WHEN we think of the English batting, though, we are more easily pleased. There are a number of players we would gladly have in our village team.

Barnett, of Gloucestershire, is one; we would probably pick him first of all the comparative newcomers to county cricket. B. H. Valentine is another, and so is C. F. Walters, who has finished up with a very satisfactory average of somewhere near fifty, although he is not the type who thinks more of his figures than his strokes. There was an innings of his early in the year at Gravesend which connoisseurs still mention in hushed voices, an innings which brought down the old-fashioned off-drive from its dusty shelf, brushed the cob-webs from it, and used it as a weapon of magnificent aggression.

Todd, of Kent, Lister, of Lancashire, Turnbull, of Glamorgan, Bakewell, and Ames, and Keeton—all these have given us hope, and almost persuaded us that cricket has turned the corner, and that next summer the blossoms may burst into a flowering glory of batsmanship.

PERHAPS we are being optimistic, but that is because we are tired of pessimism, tired of the suggestion that cricket is dying. The pessimists have had their reasons, no doubt; they have argued, with justice, that county cricket is poor stuff nowadays, and that even Yorkshire have succeeded largely through the weakness of their opponents. We feel, for all that, a certain uneasiness about this attitude of mind; we believe that if you say often enough that cricket is dying, you will read in your paper one morning that cricket is dead. It is better, surely, to see the brighter side; to emphasise the movement towards the light; to recall the close finishes, the gallant declarations, the whole-hearted bids for victory which have encouraged us this summer.

So we think of the splendid progress made by Essex, and the thrusts of Sussex and Kent, and we think, too, of the old players, of Hammond's three thousand runs, of Woolley's majesty, of Hendren and Mead, of Macaulay and Nichols, and some of the stolid men from the North.

A grand season—let it rest at that. Next year may bring us the feverish drama of Test Matches, but we may well wait awhile before we plunge into those artificial excitements. In the meanwhile, let us content ourselves with gratitude both for the cricket we have enjoyed and the continued benediction of the sun.

Left: G. O. Allen, who, it is hoped, will be free to play against Australia

Clark, the Northamptonshire left-handed fast bowler, who also played for England

Westminster Whispers

Round the Constituencies: No. 7. Essex

By "BIG BEN" on Tour

Sketches by David Wilson

ESSEX is a neglected county; I am not sure that it isn't England's Cinderella. True, there are Southend and Clacton, and Frinton and Burnham, but their attraction is the sea. The countryside of the county remains, to all intents and purposes, undiscovered, even unexplored. When one thinks of the week-end swamping of Sussex, Surrey, and Kent, it is incomprehensible. Why should Essex, quite as closely linked to London, be left ignored?

BUT where London has spread her tentacles into Essex, she has spread them to kill, and ties and affection to the county have been stifled. Patriotism is not bred in towns. West Ham and Walthamstow, East Ham, Leyton, and Ilford have become the foster-children of London. The great docks at Tilbury stand on their own; that they are of Essex soil counts for nothing. Epping is a warning. As late as 1870 it was threatened with total disafforestation, and it was actually only fifty years ago that it was preserved for all time.

Go north and away from the coast and we come to where time has stood still, while we gaze upon the land which, as the sixteenth-century chronicler wrote, is "most fatte, frutefull and full of all profitable things."

WHEN we see all those vast works bordering on London—chemical and munition factories, engineering shops and motor works—it is sad to recollect that in Domesday the county's credit lay in its wine-making and its bee culture, its salt and its cheeses.

TO-DAY it is dwarfed by London: the city and its dormitories; and the county proper, secluded, shy, aloof, seems to shut itself off from the world in a last desperate effort to preserve its independence. Of its twenty constituencies, twelve are boroughs, eight are county divisions, and only five may be considered as country seats. In consequence, it cannot be denied, Essex lacks a political unity. The industrial boroughs and the countryside are far apart. There is no bond between them.

TWENTY Members of Parliament, and only two of them are Essex men, and only six out of the twenty live in Essex. The two are Colonel Ruggles-Brise, who sits for Maldon, and Mr. Tom Groves, who was born, lives in, and is M.P. for Stratford, in the borough of West Ham.

MALDON is one of the old seats in the county, for it first acquired representation in 1331. No man could more suitably be its Member than Colonel Ruggles-Brise, for he is Essex through and through. He only ventured as far as Norfolk for his wife. He succeeded, in 1922, that fine adopted son of Essex, Sir Fortescue Flannery, who had sat for there since 1910. There was a great battle at Maldon in 991, but it was nothing to that of 1923, when Colonel Ruggles-Brise was defeated by forty-nine, by a Socialist, another Essex man, Sir Valentine Crittall, of window fame, whose factories and housing experiments are still a source of wonder. Colonel Ruggles-Brise turned him out in the following year by nearly four thousand, and he won't lose the seat again. In the Commons, agriculture is what he talks about, and he is listened to.

COLCHESTER is an even older seat than Maldon. It had two Members in 1295. Up to 1918 it was a borough, when it was converted into one of the county divisions. The first Lord Cowdray sat for it for a time, and it was against him that Sir Laming Worthington-Evans fought his first fight in 1906 and was defeated. But he got in in 1910, in the January, and repulsed Lord D'Abernon at the election in the December. He held the seat until 1929, when he moved to St. George's, Westminster, and Mr. Oswald Lewis, the present Member, took over from him. Mr. Lewis is a son of the great man of Oxford Street, but he himself lives in Hampstead.

THE two great names of recent days in Essex, politically, were Pretyman and Lockwood. Mr. Pretyman sat for Chelmsford from 1908 to 1923. His defeat was a tragedy, for he never fought again, and the House of Commons lost a friend and counsellor and the Conservative Party a fine exponent of true Toryism. Since he went, though, the Conservatives won the seat back in 1924,

and have never lost it again. There have been Sir Henry Curtis-Bennett, Colonel Howard Bury, and Sir Vivian Henderson—all in seven years. Sir Vivian is another Hampstead dweller.

THE great Mark Lockwood was Member for Epping; a character whose memory will remain for many years. The division attracts men of personality to it. But its own reputation—for loyalty, in particular—is famous. It has never forsaken an old and trusted friend. At the moment, whether it or Mr. Churchill is the more distinguished and admirable, it is difficult to say. But Mr. Churchill has no doubts. Witness his 1929 election address: "In 1924 you stepped out in front of the constituencies of Britain and elected me your Member."

WALTHAMSTOW was made a borough only in 1918. Then it was given two Members. It was previously a county division; the first constituency to give a home to Sir John Simon. It remained faithful to him from 1906 until after the war in 1918, when the borough preferred a Conservative. He didn't stay to fight again, but betook himself to Yorkshire—Spen Valley, where he has been since 1922. Walthamstow's two now are Sir Brograve Beauchamp (Conservative) and Mr. Valentine La Touche McEntee (Socialist). Mr. McEntee, who was Mayor of Walthamstow three years ago, has been twice defeated in the West division, and three times successful. In 1924 he was out by five hundred, but he triumphed in 1931 over a split Conservative and Liberal vote by a thousand. He can afford to smile to-day.

LEYTON, where the cricket ground is, sends Sir Frederick Mills and Sir Wilfred Sugden to Westminster—both North Countrymen; but whereas Sir Frederick, who is sixty-eight, was fighting his first political contest at the last election, Sir Wilfred, who is much younger, was fighting his sixth.

MR. W. G. D. HUTCHISON, who sits for Romford—the largest single-member constituency in the Kingdom; the electorate totals over a hundred thousand—is not yet twenty-nine. The division seems to go in for young Tories and elderly Socialists. Mr. Charles Rhys, now at Guildford, was only twenty-four when he was elected for Romford in 1923, but Mr. Muggeridge, who won in 1929, was sixty-five. I know of no two young men in the House more different from each other than Mr. Rhys and Mr. Hutchison. Still, Romford may like variety. It will be interesting to see whether Mr. Hutchison can hold the seat for six years. Mr. Rhys did.

THE youth of Mr. Butler, the Under-Secretary for India, who sits for Saffron Walden—he is thirty—has been so much commented on since his appointment that he has been at pains to live it down. He is succeeding; if he perseveres he will soon give the impression of hoary middle-age. He was born in India, but he married Miss Courtauld, from Braintree. They live near Dunmow, and Mr. Butler puts his wife's photograph, as well as his own, at the top of his election address.

THE last of the young men is Mr. Victor Raikes, aged thirty-two, strongly opposed to Mr. Butler's Indian policy, who sits for the south-eastern district of the county. He comes from Derbyshire, and has twice stood for election there without success.

THE great borough of West Ham, which once turned down Keir Hardie, remains stolidly faithful to the three Socialist stalwarts, Messrs. Will Thorne, Tom Groves, and Jack Jones, but the Upton division, which may have been getting its own back when it turned down Captain Margesson, fell in 1931 to Mr. Chotzner, Conservative, an ex-judge from India.

COLONEL MAYHEW, who makes a point of getting to the House after a recess before the doors have been opened and the papers published, and Mr. Campbell-Johnston, whose "recreations" entry in *Who's Who* brings tears to the eyes and calls for pity, disposed, in East Ham at the last election, of Miss Susan Lawrence and Mr. "Co-operative" Barnes, as Mr. Arthur Henderson was disposed of there in 1918. At Ilford is Sir George Hamilton. He is one of the best friends of the Kitchen Committee of the Commons. His constituents appreciate him; he always does his best for them, and besides, he is always entertaining.

LAST but not least, Southend and Harwich, in which is Clacton. Southend is an Iveagh preserve. Lord Iveagh sat from 1918, when it was made a borough, until 1927; Lady Iveagh followed him. Last year they were both made freemen of the borough in recognition of the fact and of Lord Iveagh's £97,000 donation to the local hospital.

LADY IVEAGH is the most imperious of all the ladies in the Commons. She is more imposing than the Duchess of Atholl, better behaved than Lady Astor. But then, she speaks very seldom, and she has a position in the councils of her Party. "I have no axe to grind in politics," she said not so long ago. It is the last thing one would expect of her.

AT Harwich is Mr. Percy Pybus, the only Liberal Member in Essex. He resigned being Minister of Transport after he had piloted through the London Transport Bill, and went back into business. He believes swimming to be a national asset, and he has always kept his head above water.

"POLITICS is to me neither a hobby nor a living," he has told his constituents. "I don't do anything by halves." (He once bought a sandwich for eleven shillings.) Business was his first love and, I believe, his only love. He is a bachelor. Politics have failed to capture him. They may fail soon even to attract him.

Next Week:
NORFOLK and SUFFOLK

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

Unplumbable Wells!

By A. G. Macdonell

MR. H. G. WELLS has been at it again! Will that man never let up for a year or two? The great majority of readers of THE BYSTANDER, I am sure, cannot remember a time when Wells was not banging away with his bombardment of new ideas, written in his unmistakable, crisp, nervous, energetic English. There used to be short stories and sociological novels and imaginative novels, and now these seem to be pretty much the same, except, perhaps, that there are fewer short stories. Mr. Wells's newest book is called *The Shape of Things to Come* (Hutchinson; 10*s.* 6*d.*). It is a trifling matter of 400 packed pages, each one a mass of ideas. The book is an imaginary history of world-civilisation between A.D. 1913 and A.D. 2116. It begins with a terrible, caustic description of the War, the Russian Revolution, the Making of the Treaties, and Post-War history, down to and including the disastrous flop of the World Economic Conference this year. "Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the fine flower and summary of professional politics, rolled his r's and his eyes over the Conference and seemed still to be hoping some favourable accident out of the void might save him and his like from the damning dissent of history."

That is Mr. Wells at his most compact and vigorous. Then, after a scathing indictment of American racketeering, he plunges into the future. The chance of World-Peace fades as Japan reverts more and more to violence; Asia slips out of the orbit of the West; and in the middle of the twentieth-century there is one final typhoon of warfare, which brings the haphazard, idiotic, hand-to-mouth, piecemeal system of capitalism crashing to the ground. On its ruins Mr. Wells builds his new, planned, Modern State. *The Shape of Things to Come* is full of provocation and stimulation. Many will quarrel with its conclusions; none will deny its vitality.

Yevonde

Miss Vera Brittain (Mrs. Catlin), whose latest book, "Testament of Youth," reviewed on this page, has caused something of a sensation among those with a taste for literature

"TESTAMENT OF YOUTH," by Miss Vera Brittain (Gollancz; 8*s.* 6*d.*), is one of the great books of a generation. Not of this new generation, but of that one which melted all too soon, "the loveliest and the best, whom Time and Fate of all their vintage pressed," the children who marched in column of fours up the road from Poperinghe to Ypres, or along the canal at Merville, or out of Albert up the long, slow hill to Pozières. In the great rush of war-books a year or two ago, there were many moving tales of those young men. But there were very few about the young women who stayed behind. What were they doing, all those weary years? Oh, dancing, flirting, drinking cocktails, doing a little nursing, playing a little tennis. Were they? I wonder. Read Miss Brittain's book and you will get a clearer, more fearful, more moving picture of what a modern war does to a generation than in all the Remarques and Sherriffs, all the Sassoons and Graves, and all the reminiscences of literary privates put together.

Just before the war, Miss Brittain, aged about nineteen, was grappling with the intricacies of examinations, the passing of which would entitle her to go to Somerville College, Oxford, as an undergraduate. Then came the war, and the world shook. Nursing-training, war-fever, Neuve Chapelle, the hideous bungling at Loos, all the grim story gets under way. The grimness is accelerated. The monstrous thing moves more and more quickly. First Miss Brittain's fiancé dies of wounds, hit by a machine-gun bullet, in the winter of 1916. Then his friend, and hers, was blinded by a rifle-bullet at "the Harp," which, with the Railway Triangle, was the strongest German redoubt just south of the Scarpe. He died in hospital. A few days later, the third of her four fighting-men went down on that day of blazing sun and blue sky when the attack went into Monchy-le-Preux (and the cavalry were caught in the box-barrage and the trenches were waist-deep in blood). After that only Miss Brittain's brother was left. And in 1918 he was killed on the Asiago Plateau, in Italy.

Miss Brittain went on nursing. She nursed in London, and then in Malta, and then in the hospital at Etaples. Miss Brittain nursed the most hideous of wounds and faced the most fierce of air-attacks with an unmoved face. She may have been petrified almost out of her wits, but she knows that she did not show it.

Testament of Youth is an exquisite book of tragedy and beauty, of terror and philosophy, and above all, of an unshakable courage.

"DRYAD" (Jarrolds; 7*s.* 6*d.*) makes me wonder whether Miss Ethel Mannin has the full equipment of a short-story writer. These stories of hers reach a certain level of interest, and are uniformly well written, but they all just lack a certain something which might make them memorable. If the writing was just a little better than uniformly good; if the plots were a little more unusual; if there was that final snap or twist that makes unexpectedness; if any one of these three qualities were present in Miss Mannin's short stories, they would then acquire a distinction which they now lack. Not one of these stories stands out in the memory after the whole book has been read. They leave behind a sort of composite impression of neatly-sketched maiden ladies, and some al-fresco love-making, and some adolescences, and a deal of well-described foreign travel.

AT Mrs. Alec-Tweedie one must either smile or sigh. *Tight Corners of My Adventurous Life* (Hutchinson; 18*s.*), is so naïve and so absurd, and many of the Corners are so definitely lacking in Tightness, that one can smile at the courage of the author and her vivacity and her vitality. She goes tearing about the world on a non-stop variety of expeditions, and is due for admiration on that account. On the other hand, was there ever a book so full of platitudes? "How times change. How manners alter. How the world twirls round." That is a typical specimen of some of her more important thoughts. Page after page of clichés grow a little wearisome after a while, and the incessant misprints grow a little irritating. And I 'm afraid Mrs. Alec-Tweedie makes a mistake or two. It is absurd to describe Nansen in 1922 as "a very, very, old man . . . he was most unpopular. People shunned him. . . . Geneva did not trust him." In those Geneva years Nansen used to rush up mountains, race hotel-lifts up the stairs up six stories, and work incessantly. His personal popularity was overwhelming, and he was always surrounded by friends and admirers. As for being trusted, he was the recognised leader of the smaller States, the leader of Norway's delegation, the leader of the Refugee-work . . . really, Mrs. Alec-Tweedie! I mean to say.

Rose Descat *Rose Valois* *Rose Descat*

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Autumn Fashions: A Forecast for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

SHOULDERS will shrink considerably, if not to their normal proportions, at most they will be slightly padded or accentuated by fur, more often they will be noticeable only because they are the support and mainstay of their important companions—sleeves.

The shoulder yoke will be conspicuous and on to this, which gives a certain breadth of line to the shoulders, will be set wide sleeves of every variety or, more unusual still, sleeves of fur. A certain amount of the prominence recently centred on our shoulders will descend to our hips, and small basques, many flared in order to accentuate the smallness of the waist, will be seen. The waistline is normal, but will often be ignored: many full-length coats will be fitted to the figure and dispense altogether with belts: many evening gowns will be cut on long, flowing lines which will completely ignore belts or sashes.

Capes will return and will be attached to full-length coats or will accompany

ABOVE: a smart pair of gloves for formal afternoon wear is made of black velvet, embroidered in black chenille to resemble broadtail. Below: white suède combined with corded and stitched black velvet make these gloves, which can also be obtained in other colour schemes. Both pairs of gloves are original designs from Alexandrine

A SMART autumn suit made entirely of hand-knitted wool has a three-quarter length coat with a fitted waistline and large cuffs. The colour scheme is brown and orange. A walking suit for town wear is made of black wool velveteen and is fastened by novel silver hooks and eyes. Vera Boréa

separate coats and skirts. They will also be of such flat furs as lamb or leopard. The favourite furs will be Persian lamb, broadtail and fox, with some racoon, civet cat, and now and again a hint of skunk. Sable and its near cousins will be worn for evening—ermine is always popular. Fur collars will be close fitting or entirely dispensed with in favour of massing the fur on the sleeves or accentuating the shoulder yoke. Fur appliqués and bolero-like tops on long black cloth coats will be smart. Now and again a fur-trimmed hem will remind us of bygone days.

The fullness of the skirts will be concentrated at the back, and evening gowns will show either a slender, close-fitting line, with the skirts flaring gently at the back into a short train, or will have the fullness falling from gathered loops reminiscent of the bustle. Day dresses will follow the former silhouette with the exception of sports clothes, which will favour the straight skirt with inserted pleats and ignore the bias cut. The length is the same as last season, with a tendency to greater length for more formal occasions. There will be an attempt to revive the uneven hem line, shorter in front than at the back, and transparent hems to tulle evening gowns are predicted. Fullness is moderate except in the case of some evening gowns, which are immensely full at the hem although close fitting at the hips. There are rumours of gowns slit to the knees.

DARK-brown tweed makes a fitted coat fastened by two tiger's claws and worn with a beige tweed skirt which has an inverted pleat on one side. Dilkusha. A full-length coat for afternoon wear is made of dark ink blue with leather stitching in a slightly lighter shade. Note the low shoulder yoke. Bruyère

The décolletage will change a good deal and it remains to be seen which of two very different styles will be favoured by the public. The gown with a high neckline in front but with no back at all, or at most a few straps, will find itself in close rivalry with more Edwardian styles, such as a horizontal line around the bust with narrow shoulder-straps and flounces falling from bands across the upper arm.

We shall see not only the expected velvet and satins, but also such old friends (or enemies) as taffeta, moiré, and lamé—even brocade will attempt a come-back. Ruches have been heard to swish-swish beneath skirts, flounces will trim hems, three-tiered skirts will encumber our forms and the tunic will appear again.

Amongst the new colours a lovely ink-blue and the dull purplish colour of wild blackberries will be popular. There will also be a good deal of green and brown, black, of course, and some dull shades of burgundy or lie-de-vin. Petunia reds and mauves will appear again, and coats and dresses may be of contrasting rather than matching colours.

Hats are small, and if of felt have softly creased crowns, sports hats have brims of moderate width, more formal models dispense with a brim but are often trimmed with tiny plumes. Several versions of the béret will certainly continue until well into the winter. There will be a tendency to tip the hat evenly over one's forehead with only the slightest tilt to one side. Antelope will return to favour, so will velvet and taupé velours.

A DRESS of thin black wool with a severely high neckline has tiny basque to accentuate the slenderness of the waist. Maggy Rouff. Lilac and black combine to make this ensemble. The coat is of thick lilac silk piqué, with sleeves set onto a low shoulder yoke, and the dress is black. Schiaparelli

A SKY-BLUE evening gown shows the fitted line to well below the knees, where fullness is concentrated into gathered panels which flare at the hem. The straight-across décolletage, with plain shoulder-straps and loops over the arms, is typical of many of the new models. Lucien Lelong

Women's Golf: *By Eleanor E. Helme*

The American Championship—and the Girls'

DEAR BYSTANDER,

OH, dear, oh, dear; I still can't get over it about Miss Enid Wilson not pulling off the American Championship. This year it really did look so hopeful. One knew that she was taking every sort of trouble and precaution so as to be at her best. She had qualified first; she had played truly unbeatable golf in the earlier rounds, including getting her revenge on Miss Glutting. The whole stage seemed set for a master triumph, and then that miserable announcement on the wireless in the second news bulletin which dashed it all. One friend of mine, with not much golfing knowledge, but a tinge of second sight, absolutely refused to listen to that bulletin, having a conviction that Miss Wilson had lost and feeling that she couldn't bear to listen to the bad news that she felt sure was coming.

MISS WILSON is said to have admitted that she had practised too much beforehand, and was therefore stale when the zero hour came. That is what it certainly reads like, though, in addition, one has to admit with admiration that Miss Virginia Van Wie played absolutely overpowering golf. In particular, the putts which she rolled in time and again, especially at those moments when Miss Wilson looked like rallying her forces, were quite heartbreaking. It was a very fine performance of Miss Van Wie's to go on and win the thirty-six-hole final from Miss Helen Hicks, and she showed in that match that she could fight a long uphill battle just as well as she had pressed home her heaven-sent opportunity. To be down for twenty-five holes to Miss Helen Hicks, who has had a wonderful record this year, must have been a trifle discouraging, but to get the lead at that stage of the proceedings would produce an incomparable glow of satisfaction. It all confirms the opinion which most of us formed when Miss Van Wie was over here in 1932, that she is really the best of the American women, an impression to which she has certainly given colour by winning the American Championship for two successive years. British critics based their belief in her on certain resemblances of style to Miss Joyce Wethered. Her American friends, while immensely admiring of her golf, doubted her stamina. When she broke a rib this spring it looked as if her golf might suffer. Evidently just the reverse has been the case, and I should imagine that no American Champion has ever better deserved her title than Miss Van Wie. Miss Susie Tolhurst, who beat her at the nineteenth at Saunton, has good reason to feel pleased with that performance, even if that nineteenth hole were a tragi-comedy.

THE draw for the Girls' Championship does every credit to the demon of luck who presides over such things. In fact, it is so good that I suppose people will accuse THE BYSTANDER of seeding; whereas, once again, I can only lay my hand on my heart and say that every draw for which THE BYSTANDER is responsible is an entirely unseeded affair of blind chance, drawn by numbered counters which cannot even be seen by the drawer. The upshot of it is that we might have a top semi-final between Miss Enid Pears and Miss Aline de Gunsbourg (though one must not forget the ability of Miss Pockett to spring a surprise in that direction), whilst in the lower half one of the Misses Barton looks as if she should play either Miss Jessie Anderson or Miss Lulu Esmond, who seem destined for a second-round battle. But, of course, all this may quite easily be upset. There are a very large proportion this year of new girls. Very nearly half of them have never competed before, and amongst those there may be all sorts of undiscovered talent.

IT is sad that Miss Pauline Doran is not able to defend her title. These are hard times and if a player cannot go to everything, one must certainly admire the sportsmanship which chooses to gain experience farther afield, to risk shipwreck in the open seas rather than to sail in the calmer waters nearer home. Not that the Girls' Championship this year looks like providing very calm waters. Those four mentioned as possible semi-finalists could do a great deal of stirring up, and as I have said, there are others. Wednesday, Thursday, and the final on Friday morning, may well see some fiery golf. One only hopes for rain before then and not during the time.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

Arthur Owen

The Earl and Countess of Cromer have been paying a visit to Scotland and are here seen on the golf links of the Gleneagles Hotel, Perthshire

The Misses Portal, Cecilia and Margaret, daughters of Brig.-Gen. P. B. and the Hon. Mrs. Portal, at North Berwick

Also caught by the camera at North Berwick: Miss Julia Dutton, daughter of the late Admiral the Hon. Arthur Dutton

SEPTEMBER, 1933

16th to 30th inclusive

16th **Racing.** Alexandra Park, Ripon, Leopardstown Mgs.
Motoring. British Racing Drivers 500 Miles, Brooklands.
Carnivals. Morecambe and Heysham.
Speedway. National League, Crystal Palace v. Wembley, Clapton v. Coventry.
Swimming. Wales v. England, South Wales Mermaid International Gala, Marshall Street.
Lawn Tennis. Junior County Championships, Great Britain, Wimbledon.
Angling. Scarborough Festival.
Assoc. Football. Scotland v. Ireland, Glasgow.

18th **Racing.** Warwick and Edinburgh Meetings.
Speedway. National League, Wimbledon v. West Ham.
Golf. Irish Open Championship, Newcastle, Co. Down.
Motor Cycling. International 6 Days Trial in England.

19th **Racing.** Warwick and Edinburgh Meetings.
Archery. Autumn Open Bow Meeting, Bath.

20th **Racing.** Western Ayr Meeting, Scottish Derby. Yarmouth Meeting. Curragh Meeting. Taunton Stplchs.
Swimming. City of London Police Gala, Pitfield Street, National Police Championship. Grantham S.C. Gala, Croydon. S.C.A.S.A. Girls Team. Wimbledon S.C. Gala.

21st **Racing.** Ayr, Yarmouth and Curragh Meetings. Taunton Steeplechases.
Speedway. National League, Coventry v. Plymouth.

22nd **Racing.** Ayr and Newbury Meetings.
Golf. Autumn Meeting, Bath.

23rd **Racing.** Newbury Meeting. Bogside (Irvine). Metropolitan (Baldoyle) Meetings.
Motoring. Speed Trials, Brighton.
Festivals. Festival of Light commences, Blackpool.
Golf. Cheshire County Foursomes, Liverpool.
Swimming. East Ham S.C. Gala. Lancs. v. Essex, Men's Inter-County Contest.

25th **Racing.** Hamilton Park Meeting. Uttoxeter Steeplechases.
Pony Racing. Northolt.
Speedway. National League, Wimbledon v. Coventry.

26th **Racing.** Newmarket and Hamilton Park Meetings. Uttoxeter Steeplechases. Listowel Meeting.
Greyhound Racing. The First British Breeders Produce Stakes 1933 (Flat), Catford Stadium.
Speedway. National League, Plymouth v. West Ham.

27th **Racing.** Newmarket and Pontefract Meetings. Perth, Hunt Steeplechases. Listowel Meeting.
Shows. Royal Horticultural Socy. Autumn Show, Olympia.

28th **Racing.** Newmarket and Pontefract Meetings, Perth, Hunt and Ludlow Stplchs.
Speedway. National League, Nottingham v. Wimbledon.

29th **Racing.** Newmarket & Thirsk Meetings. Ludlow Stplchs.
Swimming. A.S.A. Schoolboy Team Final, Nottingham.

30th **Racing.** Kempton Park, Thirsk and Phœnix Park Meetings.
Speedway. National League, Crystal Palace v. Plymouth.
Angling. Hastings Festival (to Oct. 2nd).

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

Left: Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Ian Macalpine have been staying at Harrogate, which has been as full as usual for the autumn water-drinking season. Mrs. Macalpine is the eldest daughter of Lord Bethell, who has also been staying at Harrogate

North-Country News

The Autumn Season at Harrogate

Left: Lord and Lady Illingworth, who are both Yorkshire people, have been up in that part of the world for the grouse-shooting. Lady Illingworth is Lord Illingworth's second wife, and was married in 1931; she is the daughter of the late Mr. W. B. Wilberforce, of Markington Hall

Mrs. Frank D'Arcy, who has been taking the cure, on her way to the Baths

Outside the Majestic Hotel, where they have been staying: Sir Woodman Burbidge, "King" of Harrods and other London stores, and Lady Burbidge, and their two younger daughters, Miss Sylvia and Miss Alva Burbidge

The Rt. Hon. Justice Wylie, of Dublin, judge at the Dublin Horse Show for fifteen years, and his daughter, Miss Biddy Wylie, at the Majestic

Photographs by Swaebe

Sport with the Lid Off

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By

"Mark Over"

Mr. R. P. Gaze, Managing Director of the Drapery Trust, and of Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove; who captured this 568-pounder at his first attempt at tunny-fishing. It took six hours to land, and was captured fifty miles off Scarborough

Miss Rita Cooper and Mr. Adrian Conan Doyle at Brooklands with the latter's twelve-cylinder Delage racing car. Miss Cooper, who played in "Wild Violets," is racing mechanic to Mr. Conan Doyle, a son of the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

THE boys are at it again. It seems I can't go away for a few days without trouble of some sort blowing up. I 'll have to stay around a bit now, I can see that. Aggravating, that 's what it is. Not that it 's serious trouble this time; just a little competition, that 's all.

The fact is that in the clubs and taverns I frequent they tell me that Jeff Dickson and Dave Lumiansky are racing one another for a corner in the London boxing market. Promoter Dickson will do his stuff at the Albert Hall; Manager Lumiansky is hitching his wagon to Olympia. A queer contrast, these two showmen: Dickson subtle, suave, immaculate, cosmopolitan, with Ted ("Young Snowball") Broadribb as his right-hand man; Lumiansky swift, intelligent, opportunist, American, horn-rims, and all. Any big-fight night at the Albert Hall you will see Dickson edging his way round the ring-side, shaking hands with notabilities, patting journalists on the shoulder, watching the boxers out of the corner of his eye, helping his show along. And somewhere near by, long, lean, observant, saturnine, you will notice Lumiansky, quietly sizing-up the outfit.

LUMIANSKY is a maker of champions. For years he has looked after Al Brown, that dark strip of magic from Panama; and now he is proposing to introduce more champions to London, and so carry a stage further the challenge to Dickson which he has already thrown down in Paris.

What the outcome of this rivalry will be I don't propose to guess, but it is tolerably certain that it will mean some all-star programmes at Olympia and the Albert Hall, and the boxing enthusiast, therefore, has no need to worry. My only complaint—and it is a purely personal one—is that I rather resent the fact that two Americans between them should virtually monopolise big boxing in London. All credit to them for their courage and enterprise, but isn't it time that the National Sporting Club, let 's say, took command? Very insular of me, no doubt, but I do like to have sport in my own country run by my own countrymen.

IN the meanwhile, the fight game is taking its normal diplomatic course—I say diplomatic, for these boxers' managers show finesse in side-stepping dangerous challengers which would do credit to the polished young gentlemen from Whitehall.

Kid Chocolate, for example, will have nothing to do with Seaman Watson, which may be a compliment to Watson, though it is hardly the sort of compliment he appreciates. I 've no use for champions who stick to their titles by dodging fights; there is far too much of this obvious evasion. And I see that Ginger Foran has challenged Jackie Brown for the British flyweight title. Why not for the World's Championship as well? To my mind, every time a champion fights, all his titles should be at stake, and if Foran gets Brown into the ring and beats him, as Liverpool fans believe he will, the World's Championship is obviously his.

BUT why worry over trifles? Jack Doyle, they say, is making £200 a week by crooning Irish songs, and in December he departs for America, where Jack Dempsey is to put him among the big money. A great game, boxing. I wonder what it is that keeps us interested?

ONE thing is certain—a boxer's life is a bed of roses compared to the painful existence of the professional "Soccer" player in the opening games of the season.

This year particularly the "Soccer" pros. have been in the wars, and already Joe Hulme and David Jack and little Gallacher, to name but three of the illustrious ones, have found the baked grounds too much for them. It is no wonder that on turf like concrete the tale of torn muscles and broken bones grows more alarming every day. I cannot understand why the organisers of Association football start their season so absurdly early; they may be anxious to squeeze in as many games as possible, but does it really pay them to lose some of their best players at the beginning of the winter? October is soon enough for any kind of football, though even the Rugby game begins early in September nowadays, and if sun-baked grounds are bad for "Soccer" they are infinitely worse for the Rugby player. Concrete and collaring do not blend well together.

TALKING of Rugby, I am glad they are forming a Union of their own on the Continent, with countries like France, Germany, and Czecho-Slovakia as members. Here again I may display regrettable insularity, but I am convinced that Rugby football as we know it is better confined to the British Isles and the Dominions. Let the Frenchmen and the Germans, the Argentines and Greeks play Rugby if it pleases them, but let them play among themselves. They will never understand the game as we understand it, though they may very well develop it along lines agreeable to their own national temperaments.

INCIDENTALLY, there have been hints lately that the breach between the Rugby Union and France is to be healed this winter, and that England will play France again. This, I can assure you, is untrue. The Frenchmen have made efforts towards a reconciliation, but the Rugby Union remain courteously aloof, and that is that.

But, there—I dare say you have had enough of these rambling comments for this week. And, without a doubt, I have had enough of writing them. The gossip of the town is poor stuff just now; we are between seasons; everywhere I go the garrulous ones merely mop their brows and ring for the waiter.

In a week or so we shall liven up, and the winter tittle-tattle will come rolling in. For the present it pleases me to think of a broad river where the water is undeniably low and bright, but where silence is the supreme virtue.

Flying Notes

Gold, Gourmets and Aviation

By Capt. C. E. Ward

SEVERAL schemes for air-survey in countries where gold is found have matured rather quickly, and the current high price of the metal has no doubt been responsible for this. The latest Australian contract is probably the most important, because the sum involved is, I understand, higher than has ever been before allocated for such work.

Austral Development, Ltd., acting on behalf of the Western Mining Corporation, has appointed H. Hemming and Partners as Managing Contractors for the carrying out of an air-survey of extensive areas in the gold-mining regions of Western Australia. The operations will be of particular interest, because air-photography will be applied in its very latest form to geological prospecting, and the entire operations will be controlled by means of wireless from the base. The areas to be surveyed extend over a distance of some 1200 miles of country, much of which is desert, and may involve photographing from the air some 88,000 square miles. The object of the survey is to help the geologists of the Western Mining Corporation to locate formations in which gold is likely to occur.

Although the science of air-survey is still in its infancy, the results achieved in South Africa and Canada, where the prospector has made considerable use of air-photography, warrant the present air-survey proposals. The Corporation have undertaken to employ the most modern methods in surveying and prospecting those areas over which they have obtained certain rights from the Government.

The recent developments in air-photography have shown that geological faults and contacts may be discovered in air photographs of areas which have been already thoroughly geologised on the ground without success. Great care must, however, be exercised in using the photographs, for they do no more than provide valuable clues which must afterwards be followed up on the ground. Air-photographs have, however, brought to light geological formations which for years prospectors have walked over and not noticed.

Admiral Sir Percy Douglas, K.C.B., C.M.G., who has recently retired from the position of Hydrographer of the Navy, is helping with his experience and is advising on the ground-survey part of the operations. The Admiral has long been a strong supporter of air-surveying and sees in its successful development a means of securing a valuable service which may be used for the rapid development of the Empire and its resources. The Imperial aspect of the scheme has so impressed the founders that they intend inviting the Australian Government to make full use of the organisation, and have access to the experience gained from the operations while they are in progress.

Mr. H. Hemming is a pioneer of air-surveying, and has been responsible for successful air-surveys in Africa, the Middle East, South America, and the British Isles. Wing-Commander F. V. Laws, O.B.E., Commandant of the R.A.F. School of Photography, has been appointed Manager of the Air-Survey Expedition. He is retiring from the Royal Air Force in order to take up his new post. Orders have been placed with the de Havilland Aircraft Company for two Dragon Moths, which are to be modified specially for air-photography. Eagle cameras, which are operated and controlled electrically, will be supplied by the Williamson Manufacturing Company.

The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce taking up some nurses from the Surbiton Hospital for a joy flight in her noiseless aeroplane at the new aerodrome at Hook, on the Kingston by-pass road

Motoring

Mr. W. E. Rootes, Deputy Chairman of Humber, Ltd., and his son, Bryan, with their respective modes of transport—A Humber "Snipe" sports saloon and a Humber Blue Streak "push" bicycle

The Earl of Cardigan on

The Triumph of the "Fool-proof" Gear-box

A HARD task, I am afraid, is in store for anyone who, during the next month, makes a serious attempt to keep track of all that is going on in the motoring world. New models are being announced, in anticipation of the coming Motor Show, almost every other day. Each new model is stated to incorporate at least a dozen new and valuable features.

Naturally, it behoves us to look carefully through the list of these much-vaunted 1934 improvements. Some, of course, are of genuine importance; others may only represent modifications, of a quite slender and uninspiring nature.

In nearly all cases, however, we are likely to find, where the transmission system of a new car is described, some special feature which gives promise of a real contribution towards the well-being and convenience of the average owner-driver. This, surely, is to be taken seriously—more especially since its adoption by the manufacturers seems to be so well-nigh universal. Often the innovation will consist of a "fool-proof" type gear-box; sometimes of a free-wheel or other auxiliary device.

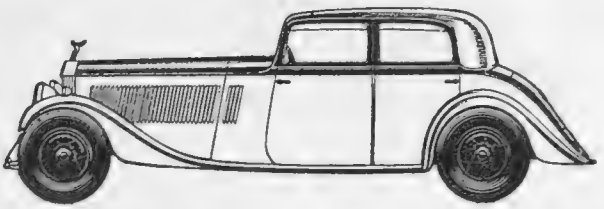
Unless I am very greatly mistaken, it is by this widespread development in motor-car transmission systems that the Motor Show of 1934 will chiefly be remembered. As yet, if I read the evidence correctly, there is no sort of agreement as to which form of gear-changing mechanism is the most generally satisfactory. The pre-selective gear-box, the fluid flywheel, the synchro-mesh gear-box, the free-wheel attachment—all these and several other variants, have their vigorous supporters. It is natural to suppose that, in time, one special form of transmission will triumph over the others; but it is hardly possible for anyone to "pick the winner" at the present moment.

It is noticeable, however, that the pre-selective box, with or without the addition of a fluid flywheel, is mainly confined to cars of the rather more expensive makes. True, it is fitted to more than one 10-h.p. model; but in no case that I can think of does it figure in the specification of an essentially low-priced machine. Presumably, the cost of manufacturing it is not inconsiderable.

On the other hand, it would be hard to find a "fool-proof" gear-box which enjoys a better reputation. It has been on the market for a number of years, and its practical value has been proved by use in racing cars. It provides simple engagement for *all* the forward gears, and for "reverse" as well. It renders all gears almost equally silent. By reason of the assistance which it gives the driver in making a quick get-away, it is favoured by the manufacturers of several "sporting" makes. Its simplicity is by no means its sole asset.

AMONG the less expensive cars, the synchro-mesh gear-box seems to be more common. (Incidentally, it is also fitted to a good few of the luxurious makes.) I see that even models which sell at little over the £100 mark are now boasting synchro-mesh transmission. This implies that it is not only efficient, but also inexpensive to produce.

The one great asset of the synchro-mesh system, to my mind, is that it operates exactly in the manner of an ordinary gear-box. Motorists are quite as conservative as any other class of people, and many may like to feel that "there is nothing new or complicated to be learned." On the other hand, most synchro-mesh gear-boxes provide easy engagement only for the third and top gears, leaving that very useful ratio, "second," to be engaged in the old-fashioned manner—and, perhaps, to produce the old-fashioned noise!



40/50 H.P. CONTINENTAL MODEL

"I must record my impression that it is out and away the most docile, unobtrusive and easily-controlled vehicle that I have ever driven. As a matter of fact it is very hard to find words suitable to describe the way in which this car performs. It swims, it floats, it glides in the traffic which one must penetrate in order to get out into the wider and more open roads. Once arrived there it readily shows that it has two sides to its nature. That which was a lissom fairy of utmost delicacy, now, upon the request of its driver, becomes a giant. I have mentioned its unparalleled smoothness and noiselessness first, because these to my mind are the more surprising aspect of what one is tempted to think an engineering miracle." *Polo Monthly June 1933*

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The Doggy World

"For Dogs Delight . . . !"

By Lady Kitty Ritson

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know whether I think that she will be able to introduce another male dog to live in amity with her wire-haired fox terrier. Well, well, well! I hesitate to express an opinion because a great deal depends upon the character of the two dogs, and also of the owner. I have had a good deal of trouble with male dogs, but, then, when you have a big breed a quarrel is a serious affair, and it may be almost impossible to separate two powerful, big dogs. Also, dogs which have been used at stud are naturally more pugnacious than mere pets. It is not only dogs which quarrel; bitches are often most disagreeable to each other, but you can generally separate them more easily, and they don't fight "to the death."

Well, to return to my correspondent. She ought to be able to manage if she exercises a little tact. It is obviously impossible to put the two dogs into a kennel or into the house, at once, and to expect them to agree. One of the best plans is to take them out for a walk together, putting the newcomer on the lead. If your old dog shows any signs of aggressiveness, check it at once. After a time, take the new dog off the lead and put the old one on, and treat both in the same way.

BE careful not to feed them together for some time, nor to put them into separate kennels where they can bark at each other through the wire; the latter procedure is more likely to make them fight than anything else, for they seem to enjoy "baiting" each other, and shouting canine insults. If you intend keeping them in the house be on the look-out to prevent the newcomer taking possession of the house-dog's basket or bed; give him a place of his own and see that he stays there. It is a good plan to chain the new dog for a day or two to his own sleeping place.

I remember one awful day when a friend came to stay with me, bringing with her "Rudi," my dog's half-brother. It was during the summer, and after dinner we went for a walk. My friend suggested that we let them off their respective leads, as she was "sure they would not fight." We did so, and in three minutes they were at each other's throats. "Quietly," she implored me, we don't want all the neighbours coming out."

By this time, the two combatants had crawled under a barbed-wire fence, where we followed them "quietly." I threw myself on Alfred, and she on Rudi, but Alsatians are heavy dogs, and they continued to fight, little hampered by our weight. She kept imploring me to be quiet, rather a superfluous request, as their growls and snarls resounded down the road. Suddenly Alfred turned round and gave me a hurried lick, informing me, I suppose, that there was no need to be fussed. She seized the opportunity to get between the dogs—and the fight ended. But I need hardly say that the road was lined with peering faces all watching the "wolves" fighting. Alsatians are poor fighters, as they "talk" so much that they haven't time to get a good grip. But preserve me from a Kerry Blue, or a bull-terrier!

"Six of the Best" Lakeland Terriers, lately acknowledged by the Kennel Club, and a breed which has been awarded Championship prizes, on view on their native heath, Newtoun, Ullswater

Eleanor Adair

wishes to announce change of address to

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Harvey Nichols

BY APPOINTMENT

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A perfectly shaped Princess Slip of rich quality Locknit. The top is trimmed with embroidered satin applique, which enhances the beauty of this garment. The perfectly shaped knicker has a deep pointed front with inverted darts under hip line, and is trimmed with satin applique to match the slip. In ivory, peche, flesh, oyster beige, beige rose, cloud, nulawn, grey, navy, or black.

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A well cut Cami-knicker of Super quality Locknit, shaped to mould the figure at top and over hip line, with a fine knicker skirt which is trimmed to match the handsome lace top. In flesh, peche, sky, eau de nil vellum or ivory.

18/11

SELECTIONS of this and other WOVEN UNDER-WEAR (ground floor) will be sent on approval if desired.

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TAILORED coat in brown/beige broken check tweed velvet collar and cuffs. Warmly interlined

Sizes 22 to 28 ins.

Size 22 ins.:

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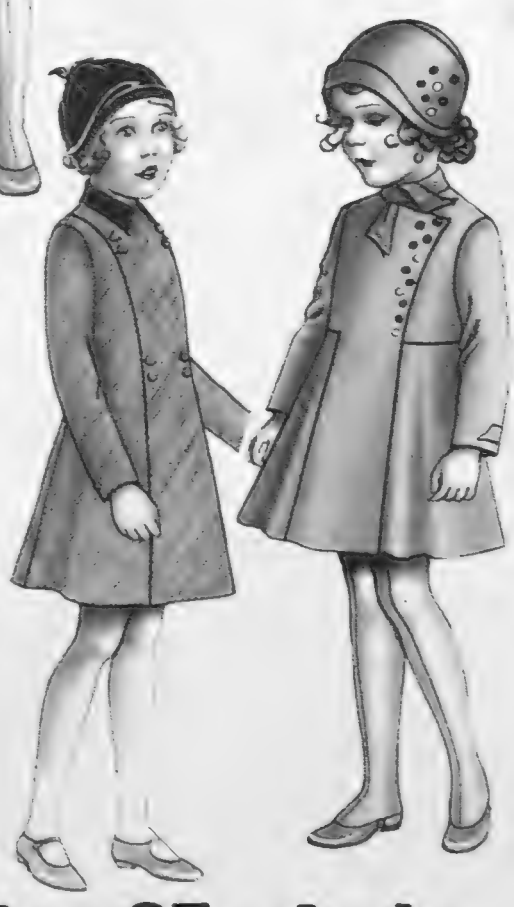
rising 10/6 each size.

Hat to match, 39/6



Little girl's coat in hunting-pink cheviot. Black velvet collar. Warmly interlined.

Sizes 18 to 26 ins.

Size 18 ins. 84/-

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Useful coat for the little Girls in becoming shades of beech or deep sapphire. Warmly interlined, leather trimming in contrasting shades. Sizes 18 to 26 ins.

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The new Autumn Catalogue is now ready.

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WIGMORE STREET, W.1 (Debenhams Ltd.)

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful : By "Maquillage"

"A WOMAN IS AS YOUNG AS HER EYES."

The Eyes Are the First Feature to Show Age and Fatigue, and Treatment to Keep them Bright, Healthy and Unlined is an Important Factor in Beauty Culture

It has been said that eyes are "the speedometers of the years," and it is certainly true that they are the first features to register the passage of the years as well as, perhaps, the most important of a woman's beauties, for the majority of people, especially men, will known if a woman has lovely eyes when they ignore the shape of her nose and even the "contour" of her face!

The skin around the eyes and of the eyelids is so thin and delicate and so easily stretched that it lines and wrinkles more easily than that of the rest of the face, and there are important muscles at the sides of the eyes which actually make a difference to the whole shape of the face if they become slack or atrophied through age, illness or fatigue, so that special attention and treatment is necessary if a woman wishes to keep her youthful appearance.

It may be that after a summer holiday, when one should be looking so fit and well, one first notices those depressing little lines about the eyes which used to be called "crow's feet." Exposure to the sun may have dried and impoverished the skin and underlying tissues, screwing up the eyes because of the glare, sea-water or the dust and wind encountered when motoring may be primary or contributing causes, or it is just possible that the "holiday" itself has been a fatiguing rather than a restful experience. This is the time to take a course of special scientific treatments which are restorative and rejuvenating.

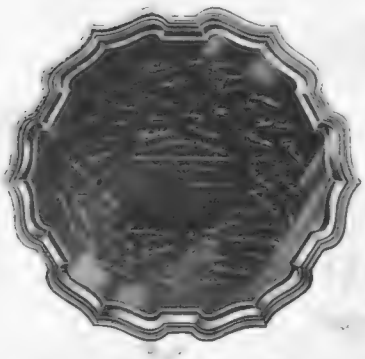
Madame Eleanor Adair, who, by the way, has just moved into her charming new Salons at 149, New Bond Street, has long specialised in treatments for preserving and restoring the youth and beauty of the eyes, and a course of four or five of these treatments is really wonderful in its effect, filling out hollows, removing puffiness and lines and making the lids smooth and unwrinkled.

The treatment consists of special massage with the finger-tips, for which a particularly nourishing and easily absorbed muscle-oil is used. After which pads soaked in her famous "Diable" tonic are applied. The next stage is the application of hot bandelettes. These contain a mixture of herbs with soothing and tonic properties. They are left on for five minutes and effectively reduce all inflammation, and that devastating tired feeling. They are succeeded by cold bandages, and while these are over the eyes a special ray is allowed to play on them. Certain electrical treatment is given afterwards in special cases, or if the client desires it.

There can be no doubt of the beneficial effect of this treatment, not only to the appearance, but also the health and strength of the eyes, and it is actually prescribed to their patients by many doctors and oculists. Madame Adair's eye-drops' clear, brighten, and refresh the eyes miraculously and are guaranteed harmless.

The "Tappy" eye-box contains all the essentials for this treatment at home, and instructions will be given for their use, but, of course, the special and expert massage, the light ray and electricity can only be had at the Salons, and those who can do so should give themselves a present of a course of treatments.

The Editor's Box



"Good Mixing"

When Archie Compston said the other day, in claiming for professional golfers greater consideration and more fraternal treatment from members of the clubs at which they work, that they are "good mixers," he was only saying what a large number of amateurs know to be true. No one knows it better than Mr. G. W. Hands, to whom was presented the handsome salver illustrated here, as a mark of appreciation from the competitors in the Short Course Professional Golf Championship at Torquay. This is now an annual fixture, and the high-markers in the professional class all consider it and the week's visit to the Palace Hotel, Torquay, as one of the year's most pleasant events.

The Top Hand Grip

This is a device by which the bad golfer may improve his play and the good golfer achieve perfection. It is a rubber tube, five-and-a-half inches long, with a rough outer surface, which, slipped over the end of the club, effects the grip of the left hand, giving a feeling of confidence and power that could only be attained otherwise by a systematic development of the muscles of the wrist and forearm such as not everybody has time for. It is distributed by the A. B. Golf Company, Coventry House, South Place, London, E.C.2, together with a rolling stick for getting it on the club.

The League of Mercy

Many distinguished players are taking part in the exhibition lawn-tennis matches which form one of the main attractions of the Gymkhana taking place at Ramsbury, Wiltshire, on September 13th. It is in aid of the League of Mercy, of which Mrs. Woolland is Wiltshire District Lady President. She is not only responsible for the organisation of the Gymkhana, but has kindly lent the grounds of Membury for the event.

A photograph of the early Tudor style dining-room in Trenora, the beautiful steel motor-yacht, just built by Thorneycroft for a client

"Bystander" Women's Golf Competitions

Thirty spoons are awarded in each Handicap Division each summer month for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March, inclusive, fifteen spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places. Full particulars will be sent on application.

August Monthly Medal Results

Silver Division (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. F. H. Wood	Sundridge Park	82	18	64	75	11 below
Miss Mayo	Glossop & Dist.	79	18	61	71	10 "
Miss P. Thompson	Harrogate	85	18	67	74	7 "
Mrs. E. Davidson	Holyhead	90	14	66	72	6 "
Miss H. Farmer	Willesley Park	87	16	71	77	6 "
Mrs. Malcolm McLaren	West Lancs	83	16	67	78	6 "
Miss S. Hern	Hankley Common	74	7	67	72	5 "
Mrs. H. Wardale	Gosforth Park	82	11	71	76	5 "
Mrs. E. N. Chadwick	Chigwell	82	13	69	74	5 "
Mrs. Holdsworth	Fairhaven	84	14	70	75	5 "
Mrs. H. J. Hegan	Coventry Hearsall	84	15	69	74	5 "
Mrs. A. Phillipson	Grimsby	86	16	70	75	5 "
Mrs. A. Hancox	Wednesbury	82	16	66	71	5 "
Miss May Dodson	Hessle	81	16	65	70	5 "
Mrs. Harris	Ruislip	82	16	66	71	5 "
Mrs. Narby	Stanmore	86	16	70	75	5 "
Mrs. A. S. Butler	Woolton	84	17	67	72	5 "
Mrs. E. M. Jones	Woodcote Park	88	18	70	75	5 "
Miss J. E. Lane	Shirley Park	85	14	71	75	4 "
Mrs. J. C. Platt	Thornock	83	15	68	72	4 "
Miss J. Nicholson	Camberley Heath	87	16	71	75	4 "
Miss S. M. Thomson	Selsey	83	15	68	72	4 "
Mrs. A. Duckett	Blackburn	85	17	68	72	4 "
Mrs. C. H. Bingham	Hawkstone Park	89	18	71	75	4 "
Mrs. A. E. Parkes	Trentham	78	6	72	75	3 "
Mrs. Hall	Macclesfield	79	8	71	74	3 "
Miss M. Sidney	Oakdale	88	10	78	76	3 "
Mrs. Cooper	Camberley Heath	82	10	72	75	3 "
Miss F. Howe	Macclesfield	87	16	71	74	3 "
Miss P. Fernau	Shirley Park	88	16	72	75	3 "

Bronze Division (Handicaps of 19 and over)

Name.	Club	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. Philip	Shirley Park	95	36	59	75	16 below
Miss B. M. Davis	New Hanger Hill	90	34	56	69	13 "
Miss J. M. Callan	Cathcart Castle	98	36	62	74	12 "
Miss I. Houlton	Cleethorpes	96	36	60	72	12 "
Mrs. Armstrong	Bromley & Bickley	90	28	62	73	11 "
Miss L. Whitelaw	Harton Moor	89	28	61	72	11 "
Miss Maskelyne	Stanmore	94	30	64	75	11 "
Mrs. Lywood	Hockley	94	33	61	72	11 "
Mrs. H. J. Faber	Coulsdon Court	100	35	65	76	11 "
Mrs. George Parker	Renfrew	88	25	63	73	10 "
Miss B. Park	Coulsdon Court	92	26	66	76	10 "
Mrs. Smith	Rugby	96	36	60	70	10 "
Mrs. A. M. Myatt	Castle Bromwich	99	36	63	73	10 "
Miss S. Marshall	Oakdale	102	36	66	76	10 "
Miss J. Stevens	Sherwood Forest	88	21	67	76	9 "
Mrs. Holt	Alderley Edge	92	27	65	74	9 "
Miss M. Brown	South Shields	95	28	67	76	9 "
Miss Palmer	Chilwell Manor	94	29	65	74	9 "
Mrs. E. T. Pillivant	Ashford Manor	100	32	68	77	9 "
Miss O. Beresford	Walmer & Kingsdown	85	19	66	74	8 "
Mrs. Birchenough	Macclesfield	85	19	66	74	8 "
Mrs. Cushing	Arrowe Park	92	25	67	75	8 "
Mrs. K. March	Walmley	91	25	66	74	8 "
Mrs. J. B. Hine	La Moye	89	27	62	70	8 "
Miss L. M. Long	Bulwell Hall	90	34	62	70	8 "
Mrs. M. Mumby	Arrowe Park	103	36	67	75	8 "
Mrs. H. C. Beaumont	Harrogate	102	36	66	74	8 "
Miss E. L. McClelland	New Hanger Hill	89	21	62	69	7 "
Mrs. Hudson	Oakdale	96	27	69	76	7 "
Miss F. S. Green	Exmouth	91	27	64	71	7 "

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"The Bystander" Cruise

The tenth of the twenty "Bystander" Cruise photographs, taken on board the Red Star liner, s.s. Lapland, in which the passenger circled, when she discovers herself, gets a lucky guinea, if she writes in, giving her name and address

The Gourmet : Conducted by Emilia

PARTRIDGES

ROAST PARTRIDGE

*

PARTRIDGES WITH PIQUANTE SAUCE

*

PARTRIDGE SALAD

*

PARTRIDGES WITH MUSHROOMS

Roast Partridge

WASH the bird in cold water in which a little soda has been dissolved. Wipe it perfectly dry, and rub it thoroughly inside and out with salt and pepper. Then rub the outside of the bird with warm butter and dredge it with flour. This forms a paste that keeps in the juices. Before putting the bird in the oven, pour a quart of boiling water in the pan, place the bird on a rack, so that it stands out of the water, and roast in a quick oven, not more than thirty-five minutes—less if the bird is very small. After the first fifteen minutes baste every ten minutes. Serve with a surround of fried bread-crumbs, gravy and bread sauce.

Partridges with Piquante Sauce

PREPARE the partridges as for roasting; wipe the insides, and into each bird put a spoonful of Spanish onion, which has been boiled in milk, chopped, and seasoned with pepper and salt. Place the birds in a stewpan with some stock, a piece of onion stuck with two or three cloves, a slice of lean bacon or ham, and a seasoning of pepper and salt. Simmer until perfectly tender—about an hour. Take out the birds, drain them, and keep them hot in another pan by the side of the stove; thicken the gravy, after having strained it, with brown roux, add a good tablespoonful of port wine, a pinch of nutmeg, and if required, a little more pepper and salt. Put the birds on a hot dish, and pour sauce over them.

Partridge Salad

CUT some cold roast partridges into neat pieces, and let them marinade for an hour or two in a mixture of oil and vinegar, seasoned with pepper, salt, and some chopped Tarragon. Then arrange the pieces of partridge in a salad-bowl, surround them with shredded lettuce, and decorate the whole with hard-boiled eggs in quarters, sliced gherkins, and filleted anchovies. Sprinkle, over all, the mixture in which the partridges were marinaded.

Partridges with Mushrooms

DISSOLVE over a gentle fire 1½ oz. of butter, throw in about ¾ of a pound of mushrooms, with a slight sprinkling of salt and cayenne. Simmer them from eight to ten minutes, and turn them, with the butter, on to a plate; when they are quite cold put them into the bodies of a brace of partridges, which are then sewn up, trussed, and roasted from thirty to forty minutes. Serve them with brown mushroom-sauce, or with gravy and bread-sauce only, according to taste.

"The Bystander's"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(12th Year) Ranelagh, October 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th, 1933

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(9th Year) Roehampton, October 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th, 1933

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.

ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up, and semi-finalists

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Thursday, September 21st, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by post card. Such acknowledgment does not necessarily mean that the entrants will be entitled to play.*

On September 21st the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reduction of handicap should be notified at once to Miss Helme.

Pairs who have reached any BYSTANDER Foursomes final during 1932 or 1933, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish, or Roehampton, will, if entering together, have the option of being put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists*, and the entrants *must* state in which tournament they wish to play.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Both foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅜ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss Helme* of the change.

The Directors of THE BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter or amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1933 — No entrance fee

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, September 21st.

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES—
Ranelagh, October 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th

ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES—
Roehampton, October 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter Mrs./Miss ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address ..... *Telephone No.* .....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner.

Mrs./Miss ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address ..... *Telephone No.* .....

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON — SEPTEMBER

Name Mrs./Miss .....

Address .....

.....

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THE RUGBY FOOTBALL LEAGUE

RUGBY FOOTBALL AT NIGHT!

BY FLOODLIGHT

at

WHITE CITY

STADIUM

Match No. 1

Wednesday, Sept. 20th, 1933

LONDON HIGHFIELD

(London's Pioneer Rugby League Team)

versus

WAKEFIELD TRINITY

Kick off 8 p.m.

Prices of admission: **5/-** (Reserved), **2/6** and **1/-**. 'Phone: Shepherd's Bush 4373

LONDON'S LATEST ATTRACTION!

AT the Air Ministry just now there is much whispering. Of "equinoxes"—"areas of low pressure"—"winds approaching gale force"—"rain spreading eastward across the country"... in a word ... Autumn. And in Autumn, more than ever, a Dexter is a good companion.

Triple proofed for protection—feather woven for lightness—dry in a downpour—warm in a wind—a Dexter does a weatherproof's ordinary work with one hand, so to speak. But, more than that, the Dexter cut and tailoring has a *chic* that sets off today's silhouette.

The colour may be pearl green or blue or grey or fawn or—but come and see for yourself.

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As British as the Weather—but Reliable.
Priced at three guineas and upwards
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By Appointment

From all over the world come commissions to Bernard Weatherill for Riding Kit. For only from Bernard Weatherill can exacting customers get that accuracy and "right" cutting which is the result of a lifetime of specialisation in this particular field. Mr. Weatherill personally supervises this branch of his business, in which he is acknowledged the leading authority. Prices will be found far more moderate than you would pay elsewhere for equivalent craftsmanship.

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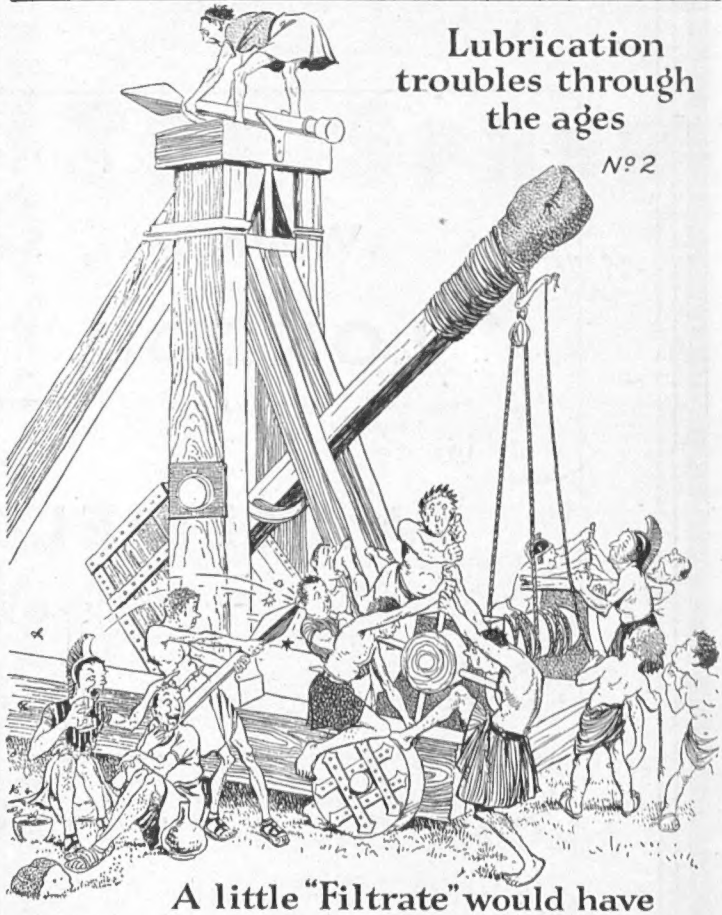
No 2



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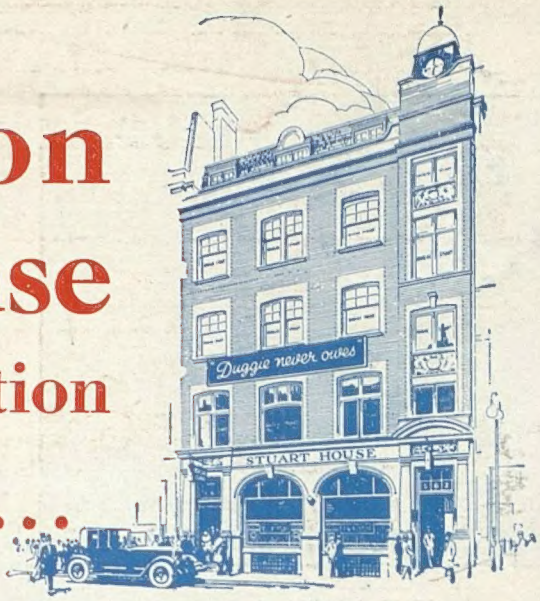

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